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The Shape of Things

IT TAKES EVERY MAN SOME TIME TO FIND himself in this world," John L. Lewis once told a reporter, and added, "It took me longer than most people." That was when Mr. Lewis, leader of militant labor and organizer of political change, was reminded of the days when he supported Harding and Coolidge and Hoover. Alas, he spoke too soon. When and if he ever does find himself, we believe he will discover a vindictive man with more than a touch of megalomania. For we do not go along with those who credit with the sincerity of true conviction Lewis's fantastically staged bolt to Wendell Willkie. No man who sees dangers for this country in the foreign policy of President Roosevelt can genuinely think that we shall escape those dangers under the similar policy of the less experienced Mr. Willkie; no man who looks upon the New Deal as "the economic and political experiments of an amateur, ill-equipped practitioner in the realm of political science" can conceivably accept Wendell Willkie as a professional statesman; no man motivated by a passion for improving the conditions of American labor can turn from the sponsors of the National Labor Relations Act to the party of Girdler and Weir; and no labor leader who really finds Roosevelt's "personal craving for power . . . a thing to alarm and dismay" would arrogantly keep the 4,000,000 working men and women he represents completely in the dark about his stand on the gravest of issues, and then invite them to accept a *fait accompli* on pain of his withdrawal. Add to these aspects of Lewis's speech the inane portrayal of Willkie as the man who "has worked with his hands and has known the pangs of hunger," and you have before you the most dizzying *volte-face* since Josef Stalin discovered that fascism, after all, was only a "matter of taste."

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COMPARING THE IMPLICATIONS OF LEWIS'S speech with those of the Soviet-German pact is not farfetched, for the lines that are already being drawn in the C. I. O. as a result of his swing to Willkie follow a course similar to those which flowed from the pact. Leaders who have been in consistent agreement with Communist Party policy, such as Quill, Flaxer, Curran, and Pritchett, warmly congratulated Lewis, though they forbore to indorse Mr. Willkie. And the New York Newspaper Guild, in one of its most blatant and stupid party-line excursions, documented Westbrook Peglar's charge that it is under Communist domination by adopting a resolution taking no stand on the Presidential race but expressing full confidence in Lewis. The *Daily Worker*, which could hardly come out for Willkie, rebuked Lewis, but ever so sadly, ever so lightly: "an expression of weakness," it termed his act, "which if not remedied can become fatal." The chief target of the editors' attack was not Lewis but his detractors: "There can be nothing but contempt for the howls and caviling against Lewis which come from the camp of Roosevelt's 'labor' lieutenants. . . . Lewis has at least tried to bargain for some definite gain as the price of labor's vote, even though such bargaining is dubious and unsound." In case even this should sound too severe, the "attack" is followed by four columns under the head: "C. I. O. Officials Express Approval of Lewis Leadership of the C. I. O." These are the tributes of the fellow-travelers, offers of "full cooperation," pleas for a continuation of Lewis's "farsighted and fearless leadership." The pattern is important because it represents a determination to retain Lewis despite his grandiloquent offer to step down if Willkie is repudiated at the polls. In the absence of such a movement Mr. Lewis would be free to go his way in the event of a Roosevelt victory; its existence may provoke the long-delayed showdown between the "left wing" of the C. I. O. and those who find dubious leadership in the man who would intrust the rights of labor to the protection of Wendell Willkie.

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MORE DISHEARTENING AND HARDLY LESS significant than Lewis's support of the party of Girdler and Ford is that of Oswald Garrison Villard. Here is a man who has directed his whole public life according to rigid personal principles; no party line could suddenly turn a corner and land him in the lap of the reactionaries. But Mr. Villard has turned that corner just the same—under his own power. Like Lewis he has

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apparently convinced himself that Willkie's desire for peace is more genuine than Roosevelt's and his pledges to Britain less genuine. He is also convinced that to break the third-term tradition is "treason . . . nothing less." And so he is willing to accept the risk that Mr. Willkie if elected will usher in an era of reaction. On this point, to be thoroughly fair, we quote directly from his letter to the New York *Times,* which also appears as an advertisement of the Republican National Committee on the back cover of this issue:

> But, I am asked, assuming that Mr. Willkie keeps us out of war, are you, a veteran in the fight for liberal progress, ready to accept the social, economic, and political reaction his election will bring with it? I am not sure whether today there can be that reaction, but if it came it would be a small price to pay for peace and efficient, clean-cut administration.

These words give us pain, not only because they are spoken by a former editor of this journal but because they seem to mark a turning-point in liberal thought and action—the point at which lukewarm democrats prefer if necessary to embrace reaction rather than face the need of action, and are thus forever lost to a cause that today has use only for fighters. The Villards of Britain share with the Chamberlains the responsibility for Europe's present enslavement and England's desperate plight.

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A ROUSING ROOSEVELT VICTORY IS ASSURED if America's two leading public-opinion polls mean anything at all. For if we dig beneath the editorialized comments on the polls to bedrock figures we find that the Gallup and *Fortune* polls are in remarkably close agreement, not only on a Roosevelt victory, but on the extent of that triumph. It is true that the Gallup poll shows minor Willkie gains in the last month, but for all that the President is credited with 37 states with 414 electoral votes as against Mr. Willkie's more dubious 11 states with a grand total of 117 electoral votes. The *Fortune* poll gives the President an even greater lead in the popular vote but discreetly refrains from specifying the vote in particular states. Its regional votes, however, closely follow those of the Gallup poll, except that the Roosevelt vote is shown to be lower in the vital Middle Atlantic states. When account is taken of the fact that the polls consistently understated the extent of the Roosevelt victory in 1936, we would perhaps be justified in putting the four states in which Willkie's margin is less than 2 per cent in the Roosevelt column. This would leave Willkie only seven states with a total of forty-six electoral votes. On the Senatorial front, progressive candidates are having a more difficult struggle. In New York Mead is in a close fight with the pious but reactionary Bruce Barton, while in Wisconsin the action of the old-line Democrats in running a candidate against Bob La Follette has threatened the seat of one of America's ablest and most consistently progressive Senators.

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ALARMED BY THE GROWING HOSTILITY OF the United States to Japan's expansionist program in East Asia, the Japanese government is prepared to bid high for a non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union. A prominent Japanese expert has suggested that Japan abrogate the Portsmouth treaty, which provides the legal basis for Japan's immensely valuable Siberian fishery rights. Whether Lieutenant General Tatekawa, the new Japanese ambassador at Moscow, will be willing to offer any such concessions cannot be known, but it is significant that the strongest support for a Soviet-Japanese pact comes from the extreme militarists, who two years ago were demanding war against the Soviets. We also have reliable reports telling of Japanese efforts to conciliate Britain, in the hope of driving a wedge between that country and the United States. Despite this move, the British government has followed the example of the United States in advising all its subjects in Japan and the Japanese-occupied areas of China to leave unless they have urgent reasons to remain. And with customary lack of coordination the local Japanese militarists in South China have been demanding the return of the British concession at Amoy. Whatever happens, Japan can be counted on to remain perpetually in hot water as long as its present leaders hold power.

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JAPANESE AIR ATTACKS ON THE BURMA road do not seem to have greatly affected its usefulness to China. Recent dispatches from Chungking tell of new anti-aircraft guns which apparently had just arrived via the Burma road. It is admitted that some bridges have been damaged by Japanese bombs, but the most strategic of these, the span across the Mekong gorge, is reported to have withstood numerous raids. Meanwhile, the Japanese drive through Indo-China has bogged down, and it is now intimated that the main Japanese attack will be delivered through Kwangsi. The Chinese may forestall this by their recapture of Nanning, former capital of Kwangsi taken by the Japanese a year ago. On other fronts the Chinese have scored some important successes. In Kiangsi, Central China, the city of Fengshin, twenty miles west of Nanchang, has been recaptured after a three-day battle in which the Japanese suffered heavy losses. South of Shanghai a major Japanese offensive into Chekiang has been thrown back after an initial success. Heavy fighting is also under way in Shansi. The vigor of the Chinese offensive would seem to be ample assurance against an immediate Japanese drive toward the south.

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THE EXECUTION BY FRANCO'S MILITARY assassins of Luis Companys was followed a few days later by the announcement that five more Republican prisoners had been sentenced to death. Protests against this further crime are pouring into Madrid from all over Latin America; they should be augmented by representations from the Administration in Washington, where a huge credit for Franco is still apparently—and unbelievably—under consideration. The careers of the condemned men are known to everyone in Spanish-speaking America. Rivas Cheriff had committed no more serious political crime than to have served as secretary to his brother-in-law, ex-President Azaña. Miguel Salvador, former Republican chargé d'affaires in Copenhagen, is essentially a non-political person who for several years was president of the Philharmonic in Madrid. Carlos Montilla, an engineer and general director of railroads under the republic, had also been Spanish ambassador at Havana. All three belonged to the Left Republican Party of President Azaña. Cruz Salido is a more militant person, a biting, vigorous political writer who had long attacked the intrusion of the military in Spanish politics. The most distinguished of the condemned men is Julian Zugazagoitia, a writer known for his profoundly human qualities. He is a Socialist and had served the republic in several posts. When the final German-Italian drive on Catalonia began, he stayed in Spain to the end and escaped with Negrín and Del Vayo as the Loyalist army withdrew into France. Zugazagoitia was captured in Paris by the Gestapo because he had waited too long, unable to believe that the French resistance would collapse.

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WHILE WIDESPREAD PUBLICITY SUCCEEDED in blocking the nomination of Portland's anti-labor Mayor, Joseph K. Carson, Jr., to the United States Maritime Commission, the second choice is as bad. In sending the name of Congressman John J. Dempsey to the Senate, Mr. Roosevelt has made a choice that will affront maritime workers. As vice-president in charge of operations for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, Dempsey hired the strike-breakers who smashed the 1918 strike in New York. Ninety-nine persons were killed and more than 100 injured in the Malbone Street crash which resulted from the use of strike-breakers as motormen. Dempsey was indicted for his part in the accident and was tried twice. The first jury disagreed; the second acquitted him. Later he moved to New Mexico. His record in Congress has been on a par with his past. He is a member of the Dies committee and voted for establishment of the Smith committee. The Maritime Commission consists of five members, and it would not be unreasonable to ask that the men who operate our ships be represented by at least one of them. Confirmation of Dempsey would add another anti-labor figure to those already on it.

THE NEW YORK BOARD OF EDUCATION HAS wisely deferred final approval of the provision of school time for religious education as authorized by the McLaughlin-Coudert bill passed last spring by the legislature. On the surface the dismissal of students for one hour a week for religious instruction at the church chosen by their parents seems innocuous enough. But at a time when prejudices inspired by religious differences have aroused bitter animosities, particularly in New York, it would be most unfortunate to accentuate these differences by compulsory religious training. Most churches now provide religious education for their children. There can be no objection to their extending the time devoted to this training as long as they keep it on a voluntary basis. But the setting aside of school time for what amounts to compulsory religious instruction is a plain violation of American tradition.

NOTICE TO READERS: *THE NATION* WILL reach subscribers a day later than usual next week in order that the results of the Presidential election may be covered. The magazine will appear on the newsstands in New York City on Friday instead of Thursday.

The Mediterranean Front

THE Axis is mobilizing its military and diplomatic resources for a major effort to oust the British from the Mediterranean. That is the prime purpose of the negotiations with Franco and Pétain, although there may also be secondary motives, such as a hope of influencing the American elections and the reintroduction of "peace talk" as a weapon in the war of nerves. But forcing the issue in the Mediterranean is the main objective, for the Axis cannot afford a winter of stalemate on both of its major fronts. Its hope of reducing or even effectively blockading the citadel of Britain is deferred at least until spring. It must therefore try to cripple the empire's lines of communication and at the same time obtain for its war machine the vital oil supplies of the Near East.

Moreover, it is necessary to do something to restore Il Duce's prestige, which has been dimmed by the spectacle of the Italian navy cowering in safe harbors while the British fleet and merchant marine roam the Mediterranean almost at will. Even the Italian air force, which has been boasting for years of its ability to sink the British navy, has singularly few victories to record. No doubt this situation is a cause for private mirth among the Germans, who have always despised their ally, but Hitler cannot allow these sniggers to spread, for loss of face by one dictator necessarily reflects on his colleague.

It is no coincidence, therefore, that as the German diplomatic offensive in the western Mediterranean nears its climax, the Italian army begins the invasion of Greece.

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Here is a small power which, on paper at any rate, looks like a fairly easy victim. Its army is inferior in numbers and material to that of Italy, and it has only a diminutive fleet and air force. It will, of course, receive help from Britain, but Britain cannot afford to detach troops from the defense of Egypt. Its chief assistance will be naval, and it should be able to help Greece hold Crete and the more important of the Aegean islands. The prospect must be faced of a fairly rapid occupation of the Greek mainland by the forces which Mussolini has long been preparing for this attack in Albania.

Such an Italian success would be healing balm to Italian prestige, but unless it resulted in the intimidation of Turkey, it would not bring the Axis much nearer to its goal—the Suez Canal. There is, however, another angle to this assault on Greece. By adding to Britain's preoccupations in the eastern Mediterranean and pinning down there an important section of the British fleet, it makes easier offensive action at the other end of the inland sea. Thus Franco may be encouraged to take the plunge from which he has hitherto been dissuaded by fear of the British blockade.

Both the course and the outcome of the negotiations which have taken place in the past week between Hitler and the Vichy government, Hitler and Franco, and Hitler and Mussolini are concealed by the censorship, reinforced with a thick smoke screen of rumor. But the general objective of the Axis cannot be hidden. It is to bribe Spain into taking an active part in the war and to bully and bribe the Pétain regime into becoming at least a non-belligerent partner of the dictators. The bullying takes the form of a tightening of the economic stranglehold which the Nazis have on France; the bribe is an offer of a minority interest in the "new Europe," or, as Laval's own newspaper phrases it, "a spacious place" in a prosperous and reconciled Continent.

We can only guess at the exact nature of the demands made on Vichy. There is some reason to suspect that a preliminary version included the full participation of France in the war against England. But even Marshal Pétain could hardly swallow this, and hints from Axis quarters suggest that the program was modified in a way which would permit the use of French bases by the Axis, leaving the French forces only defensive duties. Yet what the Axis needs even more is the use of what remains of the French fleet, for without it the task of chasing the British out of the Mediterranean and keeping it at a distance from Spain is going to be very difficult. The French naval chief, Admiral Darlan, is said to be extremely bitter against Britain, but it is not certain how many of the men under his command would be willing to turn against a former ally. One possibility which has not been mentioned, but which cannot be ignored, is that the German plan includes a nominal sale of some of the French ships to Franco. A similar disposition might be made of the French planes, thus keeping within the letter of the armistice terms.

In addition to giving moral and material aid to the Axis powers in return for peace and a promise of place in post-war Europe, there is reason to believe that France is being called upon to pay heavy territorial penalties. To Germany, it is said, it must surrender Alsace-Lorraine and, perhaps, parts of northern France; to Italy Savoy, Tunis, Corsica, and Nice; to Spain, parts of Spanish Morocco and the French Basque country. It is doubtful whether these demands will be revealed to the French people as a whole, for, dispirited as they are by defeat and hunger, their anger might well cause them to rise in revolt. But as they have never been fully informed of the armistice terms, so they are likely to be kept in ignorance about the price of peace until each item on the bill has been presented and paid separately. Nor, if Vichy can help it, are they to be given a chance to protest. "The choice has now been made," they are told, "and every Frenchman must accept it." Such is the state of degradation to which the Republic of France has been brought by men who seek to maintain their hold on its government by aiding and abetting its enemies.

National Defense: The Republican Record

THE Republicans pretend righteous indignation whenever it is suggested that their candidate has the support of isolationists, appeasers, pro-Nazis, and assorted opponents of the present Administration's foreign policy. They point to the Republican candidate's stand in favor of aid to Britain; they shout for armaments and, to put conviction into their voices, they attack the President for having "neglected" the whole question of national defense. After you have listened receptively to a half-dozen campaign speeches by Mr. Willkie and his backers you begin to wonder whether the whole defense program wasn't a Republican invention. The facts quickly answer that doubt.

Of course nobody has a clear record on this issue. Every group in the American community managed to find reasons—even in the period of catastrophic disintegration between 1936 and 1940—for neglecting defense. Those of us who argued for a vigorous policy of collective security were convinced that huge armaments would be unnecessary if the nations threatened with aggression would get together in a solid defensive front. We were right. But collective security proved a Geneva pipe-dream. The reactionaries and appeasers of every nation—men no different from and no worse than the bulk of Willkie's business backers—preferred to risk

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the very existence of their countries rather than pool their interests in the face of the common danger which has now overwhelmed them. Isolationists, who flatly refused to accept the indivisible character of the fascist threat, preferred to rely on the oceans that surround us rather than on ships to patrol them. Pacifists, of whatever breed or political color, were against armaments on principle. The spirit of America was anti-foreign, anti-war, anti-defense. The spirit of America was innocent, unrealistic, unprepared.

Perhaps the most clearsighted person in the United States was the man in the White House. But he too was not without blame. He knew far more than the legislators or the people, but at crucial moments he failed to lead them. He waited to be pushed, and too often, as in the case of Spain, he was pushed off in the wrong direction—away from the collective resistance to aggression he knew was necessary. He believed the people could not take a stronger dose of international reality than he offered them. Perhaps he was right; and the dangerous nonsense being talked in this campaign would seem to bear him out, though I still do not believe it. But at least he was a giant of courage and foresight in comparison with many of his supporters and almost all of his opponents; and he proceeded on the theory that the only alternative to a non-existent anti-fascist front was a powerful defense.

Today those same opponents are asking for votes for their untried candidate on the ground that the President ignored the country's danger and fumbled defense, and that only Mr. Willkie and the Republican Party are capable of building an effective rearmament. The Republican platform adopted at Philadelphia puts the party's position very simply. "The Republican Party stands for Americanism, preparedness, and peace. *We accordingly fasten upon the New Deal full responsibility for our unpreparedness and for the consequent danger of involvement in war.*" (Our italics.)

The refutation of that charge is contained in the pages of the *Congressional Record*. Speeches of Republican Senators and Congressmen ring with denunciations of the President's rearmament program. An entire issue of *The Nation* could be devoted to a reproduction of their anti-defense pronouncements. But it wouldn't be worth the space. More compact and more devastating is the record of votes on major defense measures.

On March 21, 1938, eight days after the Nazi conquest of Austria, a bill was presented to the House providing for an appropriation of $1,121,000,000 for a five-year naval building program. This bill was the framework of the present national-defense program. It passed the House with Republican members voting against it two to one, and the Democrats supporting it seven to one.

On March 6, 1939, six months after Munich and nine days before the Nazi troops rolled into Prague, the Senate passed a measure to increase the number of army airplanes from 5,500 to 6,000. Of the fifteen Republican Senators who voted, nine, including Mr. McNary, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, voted against the increase; six favored it.

On May 8, 1939, almost two months after Czechoslovakia had been occupied and four months before war was declared, the Naval Appropriations bill passed the House by a vote of 297 to 58. Of the 58 votes against the bill, 55 were Republican, 2 Progressive, and 1 Democratic. On May 18 the same measure passed the Senate by a vote of 61 to 14. Of the 23 Republican Senators, 10 voted for the bill.

On June 22, 1939, four amendments were offered to the Supplemental Military Appropriations bill by Republican Congressman Powers of New Jersey. These amendments would have slashed millions of dollars from the appropriations. Of the 150 who voted to reduce these funds for national defense, 145 were Republicans, 2 Progressives, 3 Democrats. Only 8 Republicans voted against the amendments.

The Selective Service bill provided the most recent test of the defense position of the legislators. Of the 134 Republicans voting in the House, two-thirds opposed the bill, while only 32 of the 218 Democrats voted against it.

It is no disgrace to have opposed defense measures; they are still a proper matter for debate and division. What the record proves is not that the Republican members of Congress were wrong; it proves only that the attempt of the Republican platform and the Republican candidate to shunt the blame for our lagging preparations on President Roosevelt is a scandalous deception. If the Republicans had controlled the Senate and House we should have had no defense preparations. It is only the strong leadership of the President and the support provided by the Democrats in Congress that have forced through the defense measures so far adopted.

In the light of this record it seems a little risky for the Republican candidate to promise more speed and more efficiency in building up our defense than the President has achieved. After all, we have Mr. Willkie's word that, if he is elected, he will be no dictator. Presumably, like Mr. Roosevelt, he'll have to go to Congress for his military authorizations and appropriations. Who is going to support him there? The Republican isolationists, who have consistently voted against defense in these last perilous years? I'm afraid Mr. Willkie will have to look to the Democrats for support; otherwise the appeasers and pro-fascists will be able to cash in on their pre-election hopes. A Willkie-Democratic liaison does not look to us like a very substantial basis on which to build a massive resistance to the fascist threat. Perhaps we'd better reelect President Roosevelt.

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Willkie and the Investor

MR. WILLKIE has posed as a champion of the investor against the New Deal. He has claimed to be in accord with the principles the New Deal has written into law to protect investors and to regulate utilities. A test of his sincerity is afforded by a passage in his speech before the *Herald Tribune* forum in New York on October 23.

"In Nazi Germany," he said, "the ownership of most business is left in private hands, but management is rigidly controlled. Here in America we have a deadly parallel. Under the SEC a private company was recently told it could not issue bonds, but must sell stock. The men who run the SEC knew better than the men who were retained by the owners to manage that company's affairs. They insisted that the company must issue stock —or nothing. As a result, the directors of that company, finding their business judgment overruled by a government agency, decided to do nothing. The efforts of that business to create more jobs were blocked by bureaucracy."

This, if true, would be a serious indictment. But it is not true, and Mr. Willkie knows it is not true. The company to which he refers is one of his own companies, Consumers' Power, a subsidiary of Commonwealth and Southern. It asked SEC permission last year to refund $18,500,000 in bonds, to sell $3,500,000 in stock to Commonwealth and Southern, and to place a new $10,000,000 bond issue on the market. The refunding and the stock sale were approved. Permission to issue the $10,000,000 in bonds was denied. Mr. Willkie failed to explain, however, that the commission offered to grant him a rehearing. Mr. Willkie applied for the rehearing but at the last moment withdrew his application. He could have had a rehearing, and had his application been denied again he could have appealed to the courts. Where is the "deadly parallel" here with Nazi Germany?

Mr. Willkie was unwilling to submit the facts in the case to a rehearing before the commission or in the courts. There seems to have been good reason for his unwillingness to risk judicial review. The application for the bond issue was rejected by the commission because it felt that this would render the capital structure of Consumers' Power unsafe for investors. The new bond issue would have increased the ratio of bonds and preferred to 86 per cent of the company's capital. One need not go to such "bureaucratic" sources as the SEC to confirm this opinion. The testimony of John W. Stedman, vice-president of the Prudential Insurance Company, and of Dwight S. Beebe, vice-president of Mutual of New York, before the TNEC last February supports the SEC. The *United States Investor,* a conservative financial organ, commenting on SEC Chairman Jerome Frank's opinion, spoke of its "inherent soundness." On March 2 last the "Bond Outlook" of Standard Statistics, outstanding financial authority on bonds, said that "the SEC decision on the Consumers' Power case, in reality, was favorable to the company's bondholders, since it necessitated equity financing of future capacity expansion which would widen earnings and asset protection of the bonds."

Nor did Mr. Willkie explain the purpose and origin of this regulatory power, which applies only to the utility holding companies regulated by the SEC. The purpose is to prevent top-heavy capital structures with so heavy a burden of fixed debt that they go down in the first adverse financial circumstances. The Utility Holding Company Act in this respect was modeled on the power given the ICC over railroad securities. Bitter experience led to the grant of this power to the SEC. Mr. Willkie could not be expected to mention the name of the man—shall we call him Nazi or Bolshevik?—who first sponsored legislation of this kind in Congress. It was none other than that crimson-hued old radical, William Howard Taft.

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Mr. Willkie Reneges

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

HERE, on this page, in this issue, an article by Wendell L. Willkie was scheduled to appear. Indeed, it was set in type and made up in the issue. As our readers know, it was announced a week ago. One day before press date, by telephone and wire from Willkie's campaign train, the article was withdrawn. The astonishing explanation given for this breach of faith was that Mr. Willkie had not even read the article and had no time to examine and approve the proofs! It was not astonishing to learn that an article submitted under Willkie's name had been written by a member of his staff; despite the candidate's bold assertion that he would never rely on a "brain trust" but would write his own speeches and articles, only a very innocent editor would expect this boast to be lived up to in the heat of a campaign. What was astonishing was the spectacle of inefficiency and bungling which permitted a serious and lengthy article signed by the Republican candidate to be offered to a national magazine and then at the moment of publication to be pulled out because the candidate hadn't seen or approved it. The record of this lamentable little episode seems worth offering to our readers; it may even carry a political moral.

It all began one day last summer when Raymond Leslie Buell telephoned to say that he wanted to talk to me about an important matter. We met a week later, just the day before it was announced in the papers that Mr. Buell had resigned from the editorial board of *Fortune* to become an aide to Wendell Willkie. Mr. Buell told me about his decision to join the Willkie entourage. He adopted, I must say, a rather challenging, even truculent, tone in discussing *The Nation's* position on the campaign. He said—but I took no notes so this is an indirect quotation—that he didn't suppose *The Nation* would deal fairly with Willkie's candidacy, that we were prejudiced in advance and could not discuss the issues of the campaign in an objective way. I made no pretense of confidence in Willkie's liberalism, especially under the pressure of present events and his Republican business backers, but I said *The Nation* would discuss the election issues as fully and fairly as we knew how. Mr. Buell talked a lot about the horrible inefficiency of the New Deal and insisted that its best measures had been ruined by their administration.

After a long discussion Mr. Buell asked whether *The Nation* would be willing to publish an article by Willkie explaining his position on the questions that particularly interested *Nation* readers. He asked this as if he expected me to say no.

Naturally I said yes. In the interests both of fairness and of sales an article by Willkie sounded like a good idea. I told Mr. Buell I would talk the proposal over with the staff but I was sure they would agree. I said we would print the article along with an editorial answer and would do our best to meet Willkie's arguments. I said I'd write a letter giving our final decision.

About a week later I wrote Mr. Buell accepting his suggestion and proposing that I submit to Mr. Willkie a series of points which we hoped he would cover. I said I thought his article should be framed deliberately to meet the questions and objections that would arise in the minds of liberals. I said, perhaps too smugly, "I know better than he or even you could know the attitude of anti-Willkie liberals—the things they are suspicious about, their fears for the future, their preconceived objections to Willkie's candidacy." Mr. Buell replied that Mr. Willkie would be "much pleased to write the article."

I sent the questions during the first week in September. In abbreviated form they were published on the back cover of last week's *Nation,* and they appeared as an advertisement in the same issue of the *New Republic.*

Not long afterward Mr. Buell was taken ill while on tour with Mr. Willkie, and some weeks elapsed before I heard from him. I wrote asking him whether the Willkie article was on the way. Mr. Buell answered even before he had fully recovered, telling me that although the questions had come in later than he had expected—there had, however, been no agreement as to time either for the questions or the article—he had urged Mr. Willkie to write the article and that I "should hear from the train direct."

I did hear two days later. A telegram from the Willkie train en route to Pittsburgh, dated October 3, read—"Would deeply appreciate your wiring duplicate questions submitted connection Mr. Willkie's article for *Nation* as originals not available on train." We sent them the same morning.

Almost two weeks after that we wired again, this time to Russell W. Davenport, giving him the deadline for copy for the last issue before the election. One week later, exactly on the deadline, the article arrived. It came from the office of Raymond L. Buell in the Willkie headquarters in New York, and the letter covering it said: "Dear Miss Kirchwey: Inclosed is Mr. Willkie's article for *The Nation.* Mr. Buell left last night to join the train but will be back in town tomorrow afternoon, and I understand you will send the proofs here. Sincerely yours, Marian Grohman, Secretary to Mr. Buell." The

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manuscript was headed "Article for *The Nation*. By Wendell L. Willkie."

We put the article into type immediately. We made no changes in the text. We sent the proof to Mr. Buell's office. The next afternoon we received a telegram from Mr. Buell in Akron, Ohio. He wired: "Hope to have Mr. Willkie's proof revisions telegraphed by tomorrow Friday morning."

But on Friday a different and a disconcerting wire arrived from the Willkie train. It was signed by Russell Davenport, and it pointed out that since Mr. Willkie's speaking schedule was a very heavy one, Mr. Davenport had been unable to "reach him" with the *Nation* article. He would "try to bring the matter up tomorrow morning but cannot guarantee it." The telegram went on: "Meanwhile it is understood that this material cannot be released or advertised *since it has not had the benefit of Mr. Willkie's attention or approval and I cannot say whether the answers express his views.*" (The italics are mine; perhaps they are unnecessary.)

But journals have to go to press come hell or Presidential elections. That article had been offered us, even pressed upon us, by one of Willkie's prominent aides and submitted under Willkie's signature; it had been announced in good faith in our pages and those of another journal; it had been put into type and made up in the issue—this issue. And so we wired Davenport that all this had happened and the proof had been mailed and that we would be "glad to make any changes requested if received by Monday."

Perhaps I'd better skip two telegrams from Davenport and get to the climax of our sorry little adventure among the exponents of the New Efficiency. Late Sunday evening Mr. Buell telephoned from somewhere in Indiana. He said the article would have to be taken out. He said nobody had been able to show it to Mr. Willkie. He said it was all his, Raymond Buell's, fault. He said Mr. Willkie was the busiest man in America. He said Mr. Willkie had never seen the article and so didn't know what he had written. He said Mr. Willkie never authorized any article or statement to be released unless he had personally approved it. He said he was sorry; and his voice convinced me he was. I told Mr. Buell I would wire Mr. Davenport urging a death-bed reconsideration, both because Willkie's decision would inconvenience us and because our explanation would hardly reflect credit on him. Mr. Buell rather wearily agreed that I might try and gave me the times of two train stops in Illinois and Indiana. A polite and very regretful telegram just received from Mr. Davenport repeats Mr. Buell's refusal.

So the article has been "yanked." I might have refused to take it out. It has meant remaking this entire issue, since the words signed by Mr. Willkie and *The Nation's* reply together filled five pages. It has meant going back on an explicit promise to our readers.

But by the time Mr. Buell's voice had faded into the darkness of the Indiana night, I didn't want the article any more. It looked like a rather feeble hoax, a palpable phony. Why should *The Nation* waste space on ghost-written liberalism offered to an audience of intelligent and progressive readers as the declaration of faith of a man who wants their votes?

This episode, I believe, carries a significance which will not be missed. It testifies first, and most obviously, to bad organization, to miserable liaison work in the Willkie headquarters. (Can a man who is unable to conduct successfully a simple negotiation about a single article be trusted to run the United States with less inefficiency and bungling?) But it also exposes the hollow void under the protestations of simple hearty honesty that Mr. Willkie so sententiously lays before the people. Way back at the beginning of the campaign a story about the Republican candidate in the New York *Times* contained these lines: "Mr. Willkie has proudly told persons close to him: 'I have never in my life delivered a speech which I haven't written myself and I am not going to change my habits now.' . . . In insisting on avoiding the formation of any 'brain trust,' Mr. Willkie is merely following his usual belief, arrived at during his earliest professional days, that all his oral and written statements or speeches must be written by himself. . . ." Well, the statements signed by Mr. Willkie's name and submitted to *The Nation* were not written by himself. They were not even seen by Mr. Willkie. If he had seen them he might have liked them; Mr. Buell writes a lot better than his chief.

And despite Mr. Buell's effort to shoulder the blame and Mr. Davenport's earnest regrets, the responsibility rests with the man at the top. As the *Times* reports, Mr. Willkie's close associates say "he always has remained 'the boss.'" This being the case, it is not possible to believe that a responsible person and an experienced journalist like Mr. Buell would propose an article by Mr. Willkie, produce it, and submit it for publication entirely on his own irresponsible initiative. Mr. Willkie evidently preferred to let down his staff officers and the journal which in good faith had offered him space for opinions it strongly opposes rather than to take ten minutes to read the proofs or, as an alternative, to authorize one of the men who arranged for the article to okay them in his place.

Mr. Willkie is busy; there's no doubt of that. He is shuttling back and forth across the country, speaking and writing speeches. And reading proof is tiresome, unless it's your own article. But behind all these indisputable facts lurks at least one open question. Is it possible that the article submitted under Mr. Willkie's name for publication in this week's issue of *The Nation* turned out to be a shade too liberal to appear even as an article addressed to liberals? I'm afraid we'll never know the answer to that one.

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The Lewis-Willkie Pact

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 28

EIGHT years ago John L. Lewis, who had always been a Republican, was for Herbert Hoover. Now he is for Wendell Willkie. His return to the party line is not as simple as this suggests, but neither is it as complicated as some amateur Machiavellis on the left would like to believe. Lewis played a leading role in the New Deal period, but even the greatest of men are to some extent optical illusions. The effect of profound social changes is mistaken for their cause. The man who now discovers that Willkie is a friend of labor boring from within Wall Street hasn't changed much from the man who was sure that breadlines would vanish if Mr. Hoover could have four more years of engineering.

Not that Lewis returned to the G. O. P. because he was homesick for the high tariff. He felt that if Roosevelt were reelected, Lewis's position as head of the C. I. O. would no longer be tenable. One might say that he was forced to choose between Lewis and labor, for no one—least of all Willkie—believes his preposterous predictions of what the utility lawyer's election would do for workers. But it has always been hard for Lewis to distinguish between himself and labor. He has maneuvered to make his break with Roosevelt the C. I. O.'s, and to carry with him for Willkie as much of his following as possible. In this he seems destined to disappointment, for even faithful followers like Quill and Pritchett find it hard to believe that Willkie can build socialism in one country.

I am not suggesting, of course, that an atavistic reversion to Republicanism is by any means the whole story of Lewis's parting from Roosevelt. Completely to unravel the tangle of social forces from the conflicting personalities of the two men would require the joint efforts of a Marx and a Stendhal. And a great many more facts than we yet possess. This is an attempt to piece out a little of the picture from the "off the record" stories of persons close to both men. To understand the roots of the present situation and its possible developments, one must understand Lewis's past and his relations with the President.

At the time of Roosevelt's first election Lewis was the crafty leader of a dwindling union in a declining industry, as ruthless in suppressing his opponents as he was feeble in dealing with employers. What chiefly distinguished him from the other A. F. of L. bosses was an orotund prose style and the histrionics of a circuit rider. That he should have become the leader of a historic upsurge in the ranks of American labor seemed even to so acute an observer as Harold Laski to verge on the occult, and set him to rereading the studies William James made in the mystic field of religious conversion. Lewis's actual intentions on the eve of the New Deal were not heroic, much less supernatural. He allied himself with the corporation lawyers campaigning for repeal of the anti-trust laws, asking in return the organization of labor. His ideal was a kind of Guffey Act for all industry, with business free to raise prices, labor to share in the proceeds through higher wages. The NRA as thus conceived tended toward an American-style corporate state, to be achieved by evangelism rather than terror. General Johnson, who shares Lewis's gift for purple prose, slated Lewis to be his Ley. But the rising prices and industrial indices which raised the fighting spirit of the workers also ended the panic mood of the employers. Lewis and Roosevelt in their respective spheres were pushed forward, fumbling, by forces greater than they. Roosevelt was thrown on the trade unions for support; Lewis was impelled toward political action. The self-educated miners' leader found himself courted by a President. He liked the sensation. He put $550,000 into the 1936 campaign, and thought he was buying a partnership in the Presidency.

It is now being said here that the two men, temperamentally, always clashed, that both are prima donnas. But this is only partially true. The extent to which Lewis was once under the spell of Roosevelt's charm, shrewdness, and ability to inspire is indicated by Lewis's failure to exact any concrete promises for his support in 1936. It was suggested during that campaign that he go on the air with a program to which Roosevelt would be inferentially pledged and to which he might be held after election. Lewis refused. He thought the election too close to run the risk of having it said that the President was under the thumb of that red, John L. Lewis. But the election was not close, and the returns made Mr. Roosevelt feel independent of Lewis and of labor. The post-honeymoon period was a distasteful one for Lewis. Self-willed, petted and adored at home, an absolute dictator in his own union, surrounded by worshipers and sycophants, Lewis found it galling to be a junior partner who could be disregarded. Larger issues provided resentment with respectable fuel. During the Little Steel strike in 1937 came the terrible "a plague on both their houses" and Lewis's Old Testament fury at one who had "supped at labor's table." Back of the exchange,

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though dwarfed by the tragic events involved, there was a growing personal irritation. Lewis is accustomed to command. The White House is not a U. M. W. A. district office.

The 1938 campaign saw a restoration of the alliance. Its aftermath opened the old wounds. The Administration and the C. I. O. had a common interest in the "purge" of anti-New Deal elements in the Democratic Party. The C. I. O. was particularly hostile to Representative O'Connor of New York. As chairman of the Rules Committee, he had used parliamentary trickery to block enactment of a measure which would have forbidden government contracts to Wagner Act violators. In 1938, as in 1936, the C. I. O. and Labor's Non-Partisan League were among the Administration's mainstays. Lewis felt that he had again been let down when the President, after the election, refused to issue an executive order barring from government work contractors who had violated the Wagner Act. As Lewis grew more insistent, Mr. Roosevelt grew more stubborn. Lewis prepared to block a third term for Roosevelt, and Roosevelt set out to take the C. I. O. away from Lewis. Hillman's appointment to the Defense Commission was one step in this campaign. The wooing of Phil Murray was another.

Virtually all Lewis's followers, whether they said so or not, were dismayed by his indorsement of Willkie. What had been expected was an attack on Roosevelt and a new "plague on both your houses." The pro-Roosevelt faction in the C. I. O., by far the majority, hoped that Lewis would limit himself to vigorous criticism of the President. Up until as recently as two weeks before his speech Lewis assured some of those closest to him that he would not indorse the Republican candidate. He told one of them after an interview with Willkie that he considered the Republican candidate a man of narrow intellectual outlook, with "the mind of a fixer." But a few days before the speech there were indications that Lewis would indorse Willkie, though these were known to but a few people. At a meeting with two of the highest officials in the C. I. O., both pro-Roosevelt, Lewis announced that he was coming out for Willkie. In characteristic fashion he declared that he did not want their advice and that he was prepared to take full responsibility for his decision and to stand or fall by it. Pressure was brought on U. M. W. A. and some C. I. O. and Labor's Non-Partisan League officials to support his stand for Willkie or get out. One of these men, Gardner Jackson, of Labor's Non-Partisan League, has in consequence already submitted his resignation.

Most of the C. I. O. and the league are likely to split off from Lewis's leadership, although it is too early to gauge the full effect of Lewis's move. His speech hinted that he might soon have contracts with Girdler, Grace, and Weir, and these may materialize. All three steel magnates must sign with the union in the near future. Labor Board cases against them are on their way to final decision in the courts. To sign with Lewis now is not much of a concession, a small price to pay for the help it is hoped that he can give the Republicans in states with large mining populations, such as Pennsylvania, Illinois, and West Virginia. Whether Lewis can deliver the vote of the miners to Willkie is doubtful, and some Republican leaders are worried lest Lewis's support lose Willkie as many votes as it gains.

There is speculation here as to the intermediaries through whom Lewis's indorsement of Willkie was arranged. One of the possible go-betweens is Thomas W. Lamont, with whom Lewis has been friendly since the signing of the contract with United States Steel. After his speech in Philadelphia praising Hoover, Lewis told intimates that he said what he did because Lamont had told him there would be a deadlock at the convention between Taft and Dewey, and Hoover would be nominated. Another possible intermediary is Patrick J. Hurley, once Hoover's Secretary of War, now Harry Sinclair's Washington counsel and lobbyist. Lewis was instrumental in bringing Sinclair and the Mexican government together in a peaceful settlement of their dispute over expropriation. Another oil man who may have helped to arrange Lewis's rapprochement with the Republicans is W. R. Davis, who supported Roosevelt in 1936 but is backing Willkie now.

Davis figures in the dispute beween Senator Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania and Marquis W. Childs, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. This is now the subject of a $50,000 libel suit brought by Childs against Guffey. On June 15 last year the *Post-Dispatch* published a story by Childs saying that "W. R. Davis, the free-lance oil operator who put over barter deals with Germany for oil from expropriated Mexican wells now held by the Mexican government, had the aid and advice of powerful figures in the Washington scene, including Senator Joseph F. Guffey." Childs reported that "John L. Lewis, head of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, also interested himself in the Davis deals to the extent of assuring organized labor in Mexico that Davis had the resources to move Mexican oil in the face of a seemingly world-wide blockade by British and American companies." In 1933 in Boston Davis formed a German corporation, the Europaische Tanklager und Transport A. G., which took over blocked marks from the First National Bank of Boston and used them to build a refinery in Hamburg known as Eurotank. Before the war began Davis acted as broker in arranging the sale of Mexican oil to Germany. There are reports here that the Democrats-for-Willkie, who paid for the Lewis broadcast, may have obtained their funds from Davis.

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What Dunkirk Did for England

BY PATRICIA STRAUSS

THE declaration of war, coming with such theatrical nicety a year after Munich had brought "peace in our time," started doubts about whether the ruling class really did know how to rule. The people who had boasted that they "weren't interested in politics" found that politics had shattered the cosy confines of their private lives. They began to ask questions. They began to talk. In trains and shops people exchanged views. I heard a London bus conductor, member of a politically very well-informed trade union, give a passenger a terse exposition of the evils of fascism.

Too many people had thought of democracy—if they thought of it at all—as a piece of machinery which, once installed, would work by itself. They were willing to accept the benefits but shirked the responsibilities of participation and vigilance. Often when canvassing in elections I have met women who said to me, "Oh, I don't know anything about that. You'll have to ask my husband." And the men would say, "What's the use? Putting a bit of paper in a box won't get me a job." In the last general election in 1935, which gave the Conservatives a two-thirds' majority in the House, only 74 per cent of the electorate voted. After the election everybody relaxed and left the government to get on with it. There was an ingrained feeling of humility too, a mystic conviction that somehow the Conservatives "know."

The declaration of war was followed by the announcement that elections were to be suspended for the duration, and this aroused many persons to protest that in the war to defend democracy, democracy itself had become the first casualty. Yet England is more actively democratic now that it was a year ago. Democracy is working without elections. Ordinary people have a private line to Downing Street.

The House of Commons still represents the people's vote of five years ago: the Conservative Party has 417 seats, Labor 169, the Liberals 19. Traditionally the government is formed of the majority party in the House. But public opinion has moved so far to the left that without elections, without alteration in the numerical strength of the parties in the House, Labor and Liberal leaders are in the government. England has a 1935 House and a 1940 government.

It was because they had already lost the confidence of the country that the Conservatives were forced to ask Churchill in May, 1940, to accept the Premiership. The Conservative Party has never liked Churchill. He had been an outspoken critic of three Conservative governments in turn, during the Premierships of MacDonald, Baldwin, and Chamberlain. This was due less to fundamental disagreements with them than to his wider and clearer vision.

The Labor Party was impotent in the House from 1935 to 1940, not because it held so few seats (it still has the same number), not because its leaders were weak (they are the same leaders), but because, however bitterly it attacked the government, it was speaking for an apathetic minority. But when Labor voiced the indignation of the workers at the proposed lowering of unemployment benefits, the government recognized the authentic expression of public opinion and withdrew the scheme. And in December, 1935, public resentment over the Hoare-Laval solution for Abyssinia forced Baldwin to withdraw the proposals and even, temporarily, to sacrifice Sir Samuel Hoare. Now England has had an invisible election, without ballot boxes or polling booths, and the Conservatives have lost it.

In the past the strength of the ruling class lay not so much in their actual power as in the acceptance of a myth by the majority of their fellow-countrymen:

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at the gate;
> God made them, high or lowly,
> And ordered their estate.

Now the East End mother, who had seen the rich man's castle only from a seat in a charabanc, has her evacuated children living there. And she knows the rich man had no choice in the matter. When she visits her children, she sees that the landowners are being forced to plow their land. The much-vaunted privacy of the Englishman's castle is being violated because of the national necessity. The mother's awe is gone, and the children will never develop it.

Conscription has helped to dispel the myth of upper-class supremacy. The government takes the men it wants, rich or poor. The only men not called are those in occupations considered essential to defense. The civilian attitude to army rank has changed. Families who in the last war would have been ashamed to admit they had a relation who was a private now have no snobbish feeling about it. In the camps the sons of the rich and the sons of the poor feel they are all doing the same job under the same conditions. Now that conscription has given England a people's army civilians feel a proud friendliness toward soldiers. It is almost impossible for a man in uniform to take a country walk, because every car will

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stop and offer him a lift. In the villages people open their houses to the men from the nearby camp for meals, baths, and companionship. Conscription has not only saved the government the time and money necessary for recruiting campaigns, but has lowered the barrier between soldier and civilian and between class and class.

But it took the victorious defeat of Dunkirk to seal this new attitude. It was a people's army that was cornered and trapped at Dunkirk. Every man and woman in England felt a deep personal interest and responsibility. Someone higher up had blundered, but there would be time to find out about that afterward. Meanwhile the people's army must be rescued by the people. Anyone who could lay hands on a boat that could possibly cross the Channel set out to help the rescue. No time to wait for orders. Men and women who could not actively help cursed or cried as they followed the news. A quarter of a million men were rescued, and each man came back with a story.

Gradually, as the quarter of a million men got leave, people heard their story—not the newspaper version, but the story told by men of their own kind, in their own speech. In village pubs, in London bars, in trains, at dinner parties, everyone listened to the story which always ended with, "And who was responsible for sending us without arms?" Women shopping said to one another, "Mrs. Simpkin's son is back from Dunkirk. You ought to go round and hear what he's got to say." All across England echoed the question, "Who was responsible?" No one in England will ever forget Dunkirk. The myth of the infallibility of authority received a mortal blow.

One concrete effect was the change of attitude in the Home Guard, which was started in May in a cloak of feudalism. In rural districts the local squire took the lead. Only people approved by the gentry were accepted. "Whatever happens," I have heard them say over their cups of Earl Gray tea, "we cannot arm the rabble." Radicals found unaccountable difficulty in joining. Now the Home Guard is a democratic organization in which the gentry count only by their ability. In the House of Commons branch, peers, waiters, and M. P.'s train together. These 1,700,000 men who in their spare time are eagerly learning to defend their own streets and villages against an invading army have turned to former members of the International Brigade and Loyalist officers from Spain for unofficial training.

As the myth of ruling-class superiority weakens, the antagonism to privilege grows. The magic of the myth lay in making working people hardly conscious of the privileges of the wealthy. Rank was just something that happened, like one man being taller than another. People demand equality of sacrifice more determinedly than equality of plenty. Expensive restaurants cause no feeling, but any suggestion that the rich could get a larger tea ration would arouse a storm of protest. To the ordinary Briton a Rolls Royce seems as remote as the Kingdom of Heaven, but after sleeping for a month in a subway he demands the privilege of an air-raid shelter. In the last war it was only soldiers on leave who talked of bad equipment. After a time they gave up trying to make civilians understand. Now the figures show that civilians are in greater danger than the armed forces. Not that the civilians need figures to prove it. They know empirically of inadequate air-raid shelters, of the lack of planned accommodation for the homeless. The invisible barrier between the East End and the West End was broken by the first batch of homeless who crossed it.

Confidence in the Conservatives having been shaken, this new democratic feeling is turning to the left. The Conservative Party is losing ground. But the retention of Sir Kingsley Wood in the government is not a tribute to a man who has not yet shown any aptitude for public office; it is a token that the Conservatives still have power, although not enough to form a government of themselves alone. Left strength is shown by the inclusion of three Labor leaders in the inner War Cabinet—Atlee, Greenwood, and Bevin. Labor commands the British navy, A. V. Alexander having succeeded Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty. The Minister for Air is Sir Archibald Sinclair, a Liberal who was for years a violent critic of Conservative policy. The outraged protests of bombed Londoners made Herbert Morrison, known and trusted Labor leader, Minister of Home Security and Home Secretary. This is one of the most important positions in the government, with responsibility ranging from internment of aliens to provision of air-raid shelters. As the government is bound to be a step behind the trend affecting it, a truer picture of the force of public opinion is gained from noting the ministries Labor has captured than from listing those the Tories have successfully defended.

The people's will to resist Nazism is strengthened by each democratic victory at home. Two wars are being fought in one; the outcome of each depends on the other. In fighting fascism abroad the people are winning democracy at home. If England defeats Germany, the people will not only have defeated fascism, they will have won their own country. It will be impossible for any government to say to a people whose whole way of life and outlook have been so altered, "Now let's carry on where we left off as if nothing had happened." In 1918 the demobilized soldiers were only a small proportion of the population. Yet when they returned and found that the "land fit for heroes to live in" was a land without work, their discontent scared the unwilling government into passing social legislation. This time the government will be faced with a whole population in the mood of the men of 1918.

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Vichy's Scapegoat

BY PIERRE COT

IN AN attempt to conceal its own guilt, the Vichy government is making every effort to place the blame for the French defeat on the Popular Front. Popular Front governments held power in France for twenty months; obviously, then, they played a part in shaping French policy. Whether they were solely or even principally responsible for the fall of France is another question. Before there can be any discussion of this point, it must be clearly understood that the program of the Popular Front was not imposed on the French people by a handful of men; it was the government that the French people wanted. The Popular Front was the product of no coup d'état engineered in a chaotic moment of defeat. It came to power as the expression of the will of the French people. Therefore when the Popular Front is put on trial, French clearsightedness—which is France—and the French concept of government—which is democracy—must be tried along with it. Thus it is plainly to the advantage of Hitler and Mussolini and the spokesmen for their doctrines to organize such a trial.

The Popular Front lost power at the beginning of 1938. Accusations leveled against it can therefore have to do only with preparation for the war and not with its conduct. Preparation for war is not only a military problem, but a diplomatic, an economic, and a moral problem. The enemies of the Popular Front do not talk much of the military preparations, for Marshal Pétain and General Weygand played a much greater role in evolving the disastrous French military strategy than did Léon Blum or his ministers. They rarely touch on the diplomatic preparations, for it was France's betrayal of the Spanish Republic and democratic Czechoslovakia—a policy sponsored by the right—and the failure to apply sanctions to Italy during the Ethiopian war which contributed most to the moral and geographic isolation of the country. They do not discuss the lack of moral preparation for the war, for the disintegration of French

"THAT'S NOT FRANCE!"

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morale was in large part the result of the right's acquiescence in Fascist and Nazi propaganda. To make a case against the Popular Front, the Vichy prosecutors ignore all these facts and direct attention solely to the lack of economic preparation for the war.

Let us examine the Popular Front's responsibility for the inadequate economic preparations. One is frequently told today that the economic policies and the social reforms of the Popular Front resulted in the breakdown of French productive capacity. To what extent do the facts substantiate this charge? In this age of mechanized warfare, victory is dependent on the development of industrial production. A study of the statistics for industrial production in Germany and in France during the years preceding the outbreak of the war reveals, first, a steady increase in Germany's industrial production, the general index rising from 79.8 in 1934 to 126.2 in 1938; and, second, a static condition in French industrial production, with a slight increase of .9 in 1938 over the 1934 general index of 75.2. The table below lists the production rates for France, Germany, and the three other major European powers in the five years from 1934 to 1938. The failure of France to expand its industrial production at a rate commensurate with the steady increase in Hitler's Germany had disastrous consequences on the organization of our national defense.

INDEX NUMBERS OF INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION
(1929 = 100)

	1934	*1935*	*1936*	*1937*	*1938*
France	75.2	72.5	78.0	81.7	76.1
Germany	79.8	94.0	106.3	117.2	126.2
U. S. S. R.	238.3	293.4	382.0	424.0	447.0
Great Britain	77.1	77.9	82.7	95.2	88.8
Italy	80.0	93.8	87.5	99.6	98.5

Considering in greater detail the production figures for steel and aluminum, both essential in the manufacture of materials of war, we find that in the four years preceding the war Germany produced three and a half times as much steel and four times as much aluminum as France. It is not to be wondered at, then, that Germany entered the war with four times as many heavy cannon and machine-guns and five times as many tanks and airplanes as France. The tables that follow not only reveal the weakness of French productive capacity compared with German; they also enable us to compare the results of Popular Front economics with the results obtained by the friends of Marshal Pétain and General Weygand.

STEEL (1,000 TONS)

	1934	*1935*	*1936*	*1937*	*1938*
France	6.155	6.255	6.686	7.802	6.174
Germany	13.350	16.500	19.100	20.000	23.208
Italy	1.832	2.212	2.026	2.099	2.323
Gr't Britain	8.992	10.017	11.914	13.192	10.561

ALUMINUM (1,000 TONS)

	1935	*1936*	*1937*	*1938*
France	22.0	26.5	34.5	45.3
Germany	70.9	97.5	127.5	160.0
Great Britain	15.1	16.3	19.3	23.3

After February, 1934, France had a succession of rightist governments, headed by MM. Doumergue, Flandin, and Laval. During this period, moreover, Marshal Pétain served as Minister of War. From 1933 to 1935 the general index of industrial production dropped from 80 to 72.5—a decline of 8.5 per cent. From 1936 to 1937, on the other hand, the economic policies of the Popular Front governments brought about a rise in the index from 72.5 (1935) to 81.7 (1937), an increase of 12 per cent. A breakdown of these figures reveals notable gains in engineering, metallurgy, and the production of iron ore, chemicals, pig iron, and steel, that is to say, in the basic war industries. The 25 per cent increase in these branches of industry from 1935 to 1937 compares very favorably with the increase in German production for the same period of about 30 per cent.

	1933	*1934*	*1935*	*1936*	*1937*	*1938*
Production industries	80.0	75.2	72.5	78.0	81.7	76.1
Engineering	67	65.5	65.3	70.9	80	69.1
Iron ore	62	65	66	68	78	68
Chemicals	90	89	81	95	103	99
Pig iron	64	62	58	63	79	61
Steel	69	65	66	71	84	66
Mechanized industries	76	70	69	75	88	70
Metallurgy	66	63	64	69	84	68

We should guard against concluding from these figures that the economic policies of the Popular Front were good. We can say, however, that they had better results than the policies of its adversaries.

Three weaknesses in the economic policies of the Popular Front should be pointed out: First, application of the forty-hour-week law was too rigid. In principle the law was an excellent one; but in a period of general European political tension, flexibility in the enforcement of the law was needed, especially where national defense and the little business man were concerned. Second, the Popular Front was not sufficiently aggressive, sufficiently daring. Instead of moving directly toward economic and social reforms which would have tapped fresh national resources, inaugurated far-reaching improvements in industrial machinery, and created new wealth, the Popular Front sought rather to satisfy the immediate demands of the working class. And, finally, the Popular Front developed no machinery for enforcing its decisions. It should have moved with vigor and decisiveness to discipline both workers and employers. While the Popular Front is frequently criticized for tolerating strikes and permitting workers to occupy the factories, it is generally forgotten that it did nothing to

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check the flight of French capital, or to make big business put its profits back into improved plant equipment, or to prevent Germany from manufacturing armaments out of ore from the mines of Lorraine.

These were serious errors, but they seem of slight importance when compared with those made by the rightist governments of France. These regimes refused to devaluate French currency at a time when devaluation was an economic necessity; they preferred to cut salaries. They sacrificed the producers of wealth without touching the holders of wealth. Their high protective tariffs hamstrung France's industrial development. Exorbitant duties on agricultural products rendered impossible the transformation from an agricultural to an industrial economy. Excessive duties on industrial products nurtured the indolence of French industrialists, who saw no reason to modernize their plants in the interest of efficiency when their profits in the domestic market were already assured.

Any equitable evaluation of the economic policies of the Popular Front must take into account the burdens which it inherited from its predecessors. Salary cuts and price deflation had not only increased the number of unemployed but had provoked dangerous social discontent. The wave of sitdown strikes which marked the growing antagonism of the French workers toward big business actually began before the Popular Front. On the other hand, the Popular Front faced a ruling class which was far more indifferent than the workers to the urgent problems of national defense. If labor failed to speed up the production of defense supplies, the employers, for their part, refused the government of their country the cooperation and support which the situation demanded. From 1934 to 1939 Germany, according to Göring, placed cannon before butter. If one reproaches the Blum government for having preferred social progress to cannon, one must blame the Laval-Flandin crowd for having placed the interests of the propertied class and employers above those of the nation.

My conclusion is that the Vichy government had best not look for any sacrificial lambs. The economic policies of the Popular Front were at least as good as those of M. Pierre Laval or M. Pierre Etienne Flandin. But prudence, of course, dictates circumspection in judging Laval, the friend of Mussolini, and Flandin, the friend of Hitler.

All France harbored illusions about the dictators. No doubt the left placed too much faith in collective security and the solidarity of the democracies. But the right, blinded by its fear of communism, committed a greater error when it trusted in the promises of Hitler and Mussolini. Today there is only one hope for France: in Europe and in the entire world that challenge to humanity and civilization which bears the name of fascism must be smashed.

Within the Gates

ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO the citizens of Franklin, Massachusetts, aided by the American Legion and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, forced the Communist Party to abandon Camp Unity, a 100-acre development two miles from the town. For years the townspeople had been shocked by the strains of the "Internationale," by whispered tales of "free love," and by the fraternizing of Negroes and whites. Their campaign against the camp had taken the form of petty persecution—revocation of its dance permit and frequent arrests of the campers for fishing without a license. The American Legion had contemplated more direct action, some members even suggesting the advisability of burning all buildings and horse-whipping the occupants. When the FBI added its interest to the petty persecutions of the local citizens, the Communists decided to relinquish all rights to Camp Unity and depart. The townspeople were quite pleased, and sold the site almost immediately, for an excellent price, to the Tzehagron, an Armenian youth group which proposed to establish a "health camp."

The good people of Franklin do not yet know that the problem of organized subversion in their community did not disappear with the retreat of the Communists. The Tzeghagrons are junior members of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, an international organization far less interested in physical culture than in politics, and no less inimical to the institutions of democracy than the Marxists. The political creed of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation is definitely fascist. Moreover, members of the organization, known in Armenian circles as Tashnags, frequently enliven their politics with violence and terror. On Christmas Day in 1933 nine assassins stabbed Archbishop Leon Tourian to death in the Holy Cross Church, New York. The pretext of the murderers, all of whom admitted being members of the New York unit of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, was the usual one: the Archbishop was a Communist. Of course he was nothing of the sort, but he had opposed certain policies of the Tashnags. Two of the defendants were convicted of first-degree murder, seven of first-degree manslaughter.

The policies of the Tashnags have paralleled those of the Nazis with unswerving consistency not only in the United States but in other countries where they have branches, notably in Egypt, Bulgaria, Syria, Greece, Persia, and France. Although they had been for years bitterly opposed to communism, they modified the belligerency of their published statements concerning the U. S. S. R. after the German-Russian pact. They are as obsessed with the idea of race as the Nazis. In fact, the name of the youth group, Tzeghagron, means "making a religion of one's race." In 1935 several of their publications accepted and approved Rosenberg's racial theories.

During the past year or so the Tashnags have been courting respectability. Their English-language publication, the *Hairenik Weekly*, always abbreviates "Armenian Revolutionary Federation" to "Armenian Federation." Instead of being openly pro-Nazi they are now only anti-British. But their function among Armenian Americans is identical with that of the Bund among Americans of German extraction.

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UP TO NOW it has been difficult to estimate the effect of Nazi propaganda in the United States. The results of some of the recent primary elections, however, provide an indication of the prevalence of fascist ideas. The eight most prominent rightist candidates for public office, scattered from New York to California and from Michigan to Florida, polled more than 80,000 of the half-million votes cast in their districts; that is, men known to be far to the right of mere reaction obtained the support of 15.9 per cent of the registered voters. If this proportion were to hold good throughout the country, more than 8,000,000 American voters would have to be regarded as supporters of a native version of Nazism. In addition, a large number of non-voting aliens are open advocates of totalitarian doctrines.

WE THE PEOPLE, a group of business men supporting Wendell Willkie, recently inserted a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times*. In addition to praise of the Republican candidate, the ad contained a recommendation of a booklet by Joseph P. Kamp entitled "The Fifth Column in Washington." This thirty-six-page pamphlet attempts to prove that every New Dealer from the President down to the most humble clerk is a Communist by conviction and a fifth columnist by choice. If We, the People had been more concerned with the biographical data of Joseph Kamp, they might have included some interesting facts. The La Follette committee has said that his organization, the Constitutional Educational League, has nothing to do with the Constitution or with education. The National Labor Relations Board has condemned him as the author of anti-labor pamphlets. Until 1936 he was editor and publisher of the *Awakener*, one of whose contributing editors was Lawrence Dennis, the most articulate theorist of American fascism. Less than two years ago Kamp was one of the sponsors of a "patriotic" rally at which the principal address, delivered by General George Van Horn Moseley, consisted chiefly of an anti-Semitic outburst. Among his associates in his organizational work are Edward L. Curran, spokesman for the Christian Front, and Allen Zoll, now under indictment for attempted extortion.

Nor did We, the People mention the fact that "The Fifth Column in Washington" can be purchased at meetings of the German-American Bund, the American Destiny Party, and the Christian Front, and is praised in every important pro-Nazi publication in the country. Gerald B. Winrod, the notorious Kansas anti-Semite, a few days ago called upon each of his followers "as a Christian and patriot . . . to get this information circulated in your neighborhood, your church, your business circles with all possible haste. . . . There is no time to be lost in this time of national crisis."

THE TEXTBOOK, "Andiamo in Italia," from which this column quoted a month ago to illustrate how Italian Fascist propaganda has penetrated the public-school system, has been removed from the book list approved by the Board of Education of New York City. The board has appointed committees to study all foreign-language textbooks with the view of eliminating any which contain anti-democratic propaganda. Professors Antonio Marinoni and L. A. Passarelli, coauthors of "Andiamo in Italia," are members of the faculty of the University of Arkansas.

In the Wind

AROUND DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS the Catholic vote is causing more concern than any other item. Reports from local organizations all emphasize that church bigwigs are exerting pressure in behalf of Willkie, and that in some places the drive is definitely tinged with anti-Semitism.

PRESS TREATMENT of the Gallup polls is worth watching. Up to early October the Los Angeles *Times* carried the Gallup returns prominently displayed on the front or the editorial page. But after the polls veered decisively to F. D. R., they were buried on page 12. On October 13 the front page featured an article by the *Times's* political editor headlined: "Pre-Election Polls May Err, Past Ballots Show."

CONSCRIPTION NEWS: The New York *Times* reported recently (October 13, page 2, column 4): "All men who are twenty-one to thirty-five years old, inclusive, must register, no matter how many wives or children they may have. . . ." The Boston *Traveler* published this query and reply: "*Q.* I am single but am supporting a girl friend of mine who has been out of work for some time. Would she be considered a dependent? *A.* Under the law she would not be regarded as a mere dependent."

BRADFORD (PENNSYLVANIA) newspapers are conducting an essay contest among high-school students on the subject "Americanism: No Third Term." Announcement of the competition emphasized that it was a "purely non-political contest," and the rules further specified: "It is not necessary to mention the names of candidates or political parties. It is suggested that essays be kept on the high plane of good government."

ALL GRADUATES of the Columbia Law School are being circularized with copies of a speech by Dean Young B. Smith denouncing the third term. . . . Although in recent months Harry Bridges has seen eye to eye on most national matters with John L. Lewis, he and Lewis are at odds over West Coast jurisdictional issues; and Bridges has sided with followers of Sidney Hillman against Lewis's lieutenants there.

ON ITS FRONT PAGE the New York *World-Telegram* recently ran the headline: "Willkie Assails Pussyfooters; He'll Ignore Advice to Pull His Punches." On page two, same date, appeared these headlines: "Willkie Braves Hecklers to Discuss Issues with Migrants; Avoids Attacks on Roosevelt in San Joaquin; Tempers His Talks in Face of Sentiment for President."

NOW THEY are calling it "the Vichy-Vachy government" of France.

[*The $5 prize for October goes to Harry Bortin, Jr., of Los Angeles for the Gallup item printed above. The prize-winner for September, mention of whom was inadvertently omitted, was the contributor of the scoop on Dorothy Thompson's indorsement of F. D. R.; he wanted his name left out anyway.*]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

THE young men in the firehouse answering questions as to the color of their eyes, their ages, and occupations joked about the business but were serious still. Where I saw them registering for the draft there was no music, no oratory, no lively show of either patriotism or belligerency. But there was in the whole day an emphasis on youth. The President put it there, and so did Wendell Willkie.

Maybe it belongs there now. In the lines while they waited, at the tables where they answered questions, they looked like an America able to be strong, and willing to be. But it was a picture of an entirely different America that the Census Bureau made in my head when it chose the same week to report that there were two and a half million fewer young people in America in 1940 than there had been ten years before. And that may be more important to young people—and old people, too—than a possible war.

Maybe it is not news. One of President Hoover's commissions pointed out the trend to an elderly population in 1933, and the National Resources Board reemphasized the trend in 1938. But regardless of the noise made about it, youth really is not very important in peace. The purpose of machines is to take the place of muscles. Sometimes labor unions and professional societies, civil-service laws, agricultural allotments, and a good share of all the other reforms seem designed to protect the people in their places from change. Most of the people in the places are not young, and the biggest part of change is youth.

Nobody knows yet what the ultimate odds are going to be in the young man's lottery of the draft, but come war or stay peace, it is already apparent that the odds against the young man are being steadily raised by the increasing number of old people who are in charge of this civilization the young are now needed to save. This has become an old country quickly. In Thomas Jefferson's time the median age of Americans was sixteen. In 1930 it was twenty-six. The 1940 census is going to show it older still. One thing it already has shown is that there was a greater increase in the number of Americans over twenty-one than the actual total increase in the population as a whole. Furthermore, if the draft figures caught approximately all of the men between twenty-one and thirty-five, and if there are about as many women of the same age, then those over the age of possible war service have a big majority in the democracy of this land which the young must defend.

Of course, only the statistical machines of the Census Bureau can completely divide this country by age. A good many parents are more interested in the welfare of their young than in that of their contemporaries. Some young people with grandmas to support are more interested than even the old folks in pension laws. Also, most of the young are counting on the improved mortality experience to keep them here until they are old also, and a good many old people still remember that once they were young.

It is pretty difficult to draw straight lines between groups of people. Nevertheless, some division in interest does exist, and it has expressed itself in seniority rules, in tenure laws, in apprentice regulations, in "higher standards for entry into the professions, in respect for the vested interest of the man who has been growing tobacco against the man who wants to. It showed itself in sympathy for the unemployment problem of the "man over forty" at a time when men over forty probably held a larger proportion of the jobs than at any other time in the known history of the world. All of these things may represent social gains—the greatest good of the greatest number—but increasingly the greatest number are the old.

The young were important in the firehouses and the schoolhouses, the courthouses and the city halls on draft day. They are going to be important in the planes and the motorized corps, on the ships and at the guns. They seem so important, indeed, that there is an increasing tendency to hold jobs for them against all other comers, young or old, when they come back. That seems just, but at the same time it is a part of the whole process of fixing the rules for the benefit of those on hand against the smaller but just as hungry body of youth coming behind them.

Hurrah for youth! Already, even before the draft of the civilians to the camps, the roads are beginning to fill with young men, moving in brown trucks and riding brown motor cycles. They look more significant than they did as hitch-hikers. They are. As the President said, youth is the keystone of the arch of our national defense. But also, and increasingly, it is the outnumbered and outvoted and out-privileged element of our population in time of peace. We live in old folks' day, and sometimes about the only function of youth seems to be to defend us. It is bad news for peace when youth becomes important only in war.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Novelette

BY LOUIS MACNEICE

He had fought for the wrong causes,
Had married the wrong wife,
Had invested rashly, had lost
His health and his reputation,
His fortune and his looks.

Who in his youth had gone
Walking on the crown of the road
Under delectable trees
And over irresponsible moors
To find the rainbow's end;

And was now, at forty-nine,
Living in a half-timbered
Cottage with a pale
Mistress and some gardening
Books and a life of Napoleon.

When she left him he took
The shears and clipped the hedge
And then, taking his rifle
As if for duck, went out
Walking on the crown of the road.

Portrait of a Religious Artist

LET THERE BE SCULPTURE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB EPSTEIN. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

IF ONE comes to this "autobiography" with the conventional preconceptions, one may be disappointed. Epstein's life has been full, but his book gives its outlines only sketchily and with little direct personal revelation. Epstein's art has been full, but the book provides no articulate theory of its birth and no careful description of its growth. The appearance of this art at this time, its relation with Epstein's Jewish background, American birth, brief French training, years in London, and with other forms of sculpture, past and present, offer fascinating possibilities for discussion; but the author has not developed them. Occasionally the unadorned prose flashes into brilliance, as when he disposes of the futurist Marinetti: "Marinetti went back to give birth to Mussolini, and our own rebels have since made frantic efforts to enter the Royal Academy"; or of the poet Tagore: "It has been remarked that my bust of him rests upon the beard, an unconscious piece of symbolism"; or of a whole generation of aristocrats in this paragraph about Marlborough: "One day the Duke asked me to see the Chapel of Blenheim. We entered a building totally devoid of . . . Christian feeling. I said, 'I see nothing of Christianity here.' The Duke said, 'The Marlboroughs are worshiped here.' " But on the whole, as one reads, the book appears hastily written and inorganic.

Nevertheless, when I had finished I changed my judgment. I realized, as with some of Epstein's monumental works, that I had had a true and large experience. Perhaps the book broke all the rules, but its blunt lines summed up into the sense of a remarkably honest man and of a truly religious artist. The book lives by its own rules; reveals strength and freedom of action. After all, it articulates Jacob Epstein.

From the start of the East Side boy turning out hundreds of drawings in a Hester Street tenement, one feels a force of indefeasible directness. Epstein himself does not appear to understand the relation of this force with the crude Jewish community that soon saw the last of him. Separateness is one keynote of the man's career. He goes to Paris, studies at the Beaux Arts and Julian's, meets Picasso and Brancusi; he settles in London; after a quarter-century he returns to New York, and then goes back to London. He is extremely active, making busts of celebrities from Einstein to Beaverbrook, making lovely lyric figures of lush women models, and periodically making scandal with his megaliths hewn of the sheer stone, like the Ecce Homo and the Consummatum Est. He lives well and hard. His name becomes a music-hall joke in all Britain. (I remember the cheap Manchester theater where the comedian brought down the house by saying to the flirtatious female: "Is that a lidy? Looks more like a Epstein statue.") The separateness continues. And Epstein suffers from it. He feels himself neglected, even vilified by his generation. He has the usual bitter words of the original creator for the run-of-the-mill critic. At times, to judge by his exaggerated sense of isolation, one might almost imagine him living, not in a Hyde Park house surrounded by magnificent specimens of antique art, but like the old Rembrandt in a hovel. The point is—and he makes it in this book as well as in his work—that integral with this separateness is the man's passionate closeness to the life of his generation.

This is the counterpoint in his art: aloofness to give him detachment for original insight, wonder, and control; and profound identity with the universal in his subject—whether it be a dancing girl or a colossal Adam. Some of this contrapuntal quality is in his book, without the technical elegance of his carving. The book, by that token, is an Epstein.

I have mentioned the man's honesty. Honesty, if it is deep and virile enough, becomes religious. The honestly religious man is one who has carried through the impulse of every child to get square with the universe in which he finds himself mysteriously thrust. That impulse, falling short in honesty and strength, makes the child a member of a gang or of a chamber of commerce, or the average citizen of a nation. If it is thorough enough, vital enough, it makes him consciously a member of mankind—and that is religion. Epstein is a religious artist. He knows it himself; but I doubt if he bothers much about it. He belongs to that varied but sparse group of modern artists who are possessed of the passionate sense of unity with all life and of the passionate need to make this unity purposive; and who, at the same time, distrust the theological and aesthetic forms of that unity which their culture gives them. In consequence, there is a note of im-

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provisation in Epstein's work, as in this book. The matter is viewed organically, but not so grasped. This is the penalty the religious artist pays in a religiously unconscious generation. He lacks the benefit of traditional cultural help in his problems of expression. Hence, also, the poignance and intensity of the religious *autodidacte*. Epstein's sculpture has this pathos; and so does his book.

By the way, the volume is admirably edited. There are forty-eight reproductions; there is an appendix containing the essence of the artist's battles with the press of London; and there is a catalogue of his complete works. In all this, I suspect the exquisite bibliophilic hand of Epstein's old friend, Adolph S. Oko.

WALDO FRANK

Despair on Mt. Olympus

THE REALM OF SPIRIT. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

SEVENTEEN years ago George Santayana opened the introductory volume of his "Realms of Being" with the sentence: "Here is one more system of philosophy." The present volume completes that system and concludes with a review of its central doctrines. It invites, therefore, characterization of Santayana's philosophic thought as a whole.

Some characterization is also necessary in order to convey the sense which Santayana gives to the term "spirit." It is not an ethereal substance, a psychic power, or a disembodied essence. It is insight or perception which focuses the meanings of experience in some moral or aesthetic center. It is the conscious grasp of significances that are "enjoyed" for their own sake, and not acted upon for the sake of any problems which challenge resolution.

Like everything else, spirit has its locus, causes, and distractions in the natural world—the only world there is, says Santayana with a fresh insistence. Its distinctive life, however, is the apprehension of all those qualities and possibilities which this natural world suggests but does not literally contain. "Its essence is to be light, not to be power; and it can never be pure light until it is satisfied with an ideal dominion, not striving to possess or to change the world but identifying itself with the truth and beauty that rise unbidden from the world into the realm of spirit."

Santayana underscores in this book, more explicitly than in any other of his recent writings, his materialism and naturalism. Critics are obviously among the unmentioned distractions of the philosophic spirit, and with an eye on them Santayana seems eager to establish a continuity between the position developed in the "Life of Reason" and his latter-day metaphysical works, which have been widely interpreted as marking a sharp break in the emphasis, if not direction, of his earlier thought. He does succeed in bringing them closer together metaphysically, but only at the cost of a wide deviation from his earlier conception of the moral life. He flatly declares that whatever is immaterial, like essence and truth, represents distinctions, presuppositions, involvements *within* the natural world; and that where there is no body, there is no spirit. Nor does he hesitate to affirm that in respect to conventional theology and popular religion, he is an atheist. At the same time he tries to show how a poetic or mythological rendering of the Christian mysteries can be squared with his atheistic metaphysics. He also claims that a similar reduction can be made from primitive animism once it is poetically interpreted.

Santayana has always been suspicious of the term "metaphysics." He understands by it an attempt to determine facts about the natural world by logic, or ethics, or rhetoric—a kind of "dialectical physics." He prefers to speak of his system as a materialistic ontology, and considers himself a lineal descendant of Democritus and Epicurus. There is indisputably a moral and philosophical affinity between Santayana and the Greek materialists. But he deceives himself in believing that his ontology can be validated by the purified common sense of mankind, "by the facts before every man's eyes." The cosmological theories of Democritus and Epicurus were, for their time, efforts at scientific explanation. To the extent, however, that Santayana claims for his ontological "truths" the status of anything more than conventions of discourse, he is writing literary science. It is less mischievous than the literary psychology he condemns in the rival school of British empiricism—from whose infection he is not altogether free—but it is of the same order.

The truth is that Santayana, as he often admits, is primarily a moralist rather than a pure metaphysician, and this final volume of the "Realms of Being" confirms it. For "spirit" is not merely a dimension of life but its culmination and fulfilment. It is the realm of "the inner life" where we can lay down the burdens of action and responsibility and, liberated from animal impulse, survey with rapt disinterestedness the meaning and promise of everything that is or might have been. Impotent to effect anything, it conquers everything by understanding. It is recommended as the only domain left in the world where genuine security can be found. "The bastions of any existing heaven may some day be stormed. Security lies in a different dimension, where no cosmic thieves can break in and steal. It lies not in being protected by spirits beyond us, but in the nature of the spirit within."

This conception of the life of spirit marks a radical change from the earlier conception of the life of reason. The life of reason now appears to be a transitional state in the pilgrimage of the soul on its path to liberation and disenchantment. Once it was the harmonious integration of impulses in an integrated society; now it is a necessary compromise with the world, the flesh, and the devil in order to escape perpetual distraction. Previously, the refreshment of the spirit by absorption in ideal objects was a phase in the life of reason. It revitalized psychic energies, strengthened the hand of intelligence, gave distance and perspective to its vision. Now the chief good is a state that recks not of good or evil. Santayana's philosophic inspiration is still Greek, but its main root is no longer traceable to Aristotle, or even to Plato, but rather to Plotinus.

The most effective answer to the Santayana of the "Realms of Being" is the Santayana of the "Life of Reason," with its sane moral economy in which security is not a blessing which descends upon us as we rise to eternity but something to be achieved by intelligent social action and rational personal discipline. It encompasses "ideal society," the shared or solitary pursuit of science, art, religion, and philosophy, without making it an avenue of escape from the distractions of "natural society" and the preferences of "free society."

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"Philosophy," says Santayana, "undermines the authority of the world without escaping from it." Apparently even his conception of philosophy has changed. It was once an activity which interpreted the world and clarified our purposes within it so that we could learn to live a better life in the only home we have. In admitting that there is no escaping the world, no matter how high we fly in the empyrean of the spirit, Santayana is still a naturalist. But it is a world which has become increasingly strange and distasteful to him, one hardly worth the effort required to make it decent and reasonable.

The social sources and presuppositions of his own thought have always been a closed book to Santayana. Without prejudicing in the least the question of the respective validities of the ways of thought and action idealized in the "Life of Reason" and the "Realms of Being," one cannot ignore the fact that the period in which the second work was written witnessed the disintegration of the world whose stability seemed so assured during the years when he composed that philosophic masterpiece, the "Life of Reason." He has experienced not so much a metaphysical conversion as a moral revulsion before the tremendous changes in the world he once knew. The situations that are difficult to master when approached as tasks and challenges he has forever settled, in his own mind, by converting them into spectacles.

As always, the pages of Santayana sparkle with epigram, witty allusion, and paradox. Whether we regard his metaphysics as literal truth or poetic error—or as poetic truth or literal error—his books are most rewarding for their wisdom, their reflective commentary on the varieties of human experience. We can go to older sources, both in the East and West, to learn how to die. But despite the new note of Olympian despair in Santayana's work, there are few philosophers from whom we can learn so much about the conditions we must accept and the possibilities that remain open when we choose to live.

SIDNEY HOOK

The Choice

BEYOND GERMAN VICTORY. By Helen Hill and Herbert Agar. Reynal and Hitchcock. $1.

HERE is a truly eloquent tract for the times. Its authors believe that we are being fooled about the war and its meaning for us by chosen representatives who know the facts and fear to pass them on in their ugly, unexpurgated entirety. Worse still: "We are fooling ourselves because we slide over the fact that we cannot choose something that doesn't exist as over against something that does exist." America has not altogether lost the power of decision yet, but it has not a free choice between peace and war, only a choice between appeasement of Hitler and resistance to him.

The first alternative means indorsement of the Nazi blueprint for world domination; and drawing on German sources, the authors give a sharply etched picture of just what that implies, politically and economically. We may find it difficult to take very seriously German visions of "Unser Amerika," but to the conqueror of Europe, confirmed in his destiny, it may seem the logical next step, without which the fruits of earlier victories will lack security. Of course there are those who say it is nonsense to maintain that we cannot enjoy friendly and profitable relations with a German Europe. Miss Hill and Mr. Agar deal faithfully with this objection. They quote Lindbergh's thesis that "cooperation is never impossible when there is sufficient gain on both sides and that treaties are seldom torn apart when they do not cover a weak nation." The first part of this argument, they point out, was used over and over again by those who thought that Hitler was open to mutually profitable bargains. So he was, but having gained the advantage he sought, he invariably repudiated the contract. As to the chances of maintaining sufficient armed strength to compel respect for any treaty we might make with Hitler, does not this imply a perpetual state of preparedness with forces equivalent to those controlled by a Germany that has all the resources of Europe and Africa at its command? And would this not mean that "our objective of a rising standard of living would be permanently replaced by a rising standard of armament"?

This book calls for a national policy which recognizes that "adequate defense" requires action long before the enemy reaches our territorial waters. Such a policy, its authors declare, can be implemented only by total mobilization of our political and economic resources. "We must reject the thought that we can have only as much democracy, as much comradeship, as much strength to meet our enemies, as suits the daily needs of an accidental economic order." But as the Maginot Line has proved, no material defense is worth much if the spirit behind it is feeble. And for this reason the final and most urgent plea made to Americans in this book is that they recapture faith in themselves, revive the sense of mission which inspired the creators of the United States.

Miss Hill and Mr. Agar have written a book calculated to disturb the complacent and certain to arouse furious controversy. But they have stated their case with a clarity and a passionate conviction that must command the respect of all but the most bigoted of the opposition.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Aragon Village

A MAN'S PLACE. By Ramón Sender. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

AFTER battle, when a great cause has gone down and men are scattered in exile, comes reflection. Some brood over the tragic incidents of war or relive passing triumphs; others dispute over dogmas, arguing "if we had done this" or "if we had done that," finding in denial of tactics a melancholy comfort, or in affirmation fresh hope. But to all temporarily defeated men alike, whether they weep or shout defiance, one mood is common, that of the greatest of all poems of enslavement and exile, "When we remember thee, O Zion!"

Ramón Sender, one of the leading novelists of Spain, who defended Madrid in the only way possible for dignified men, with arms, is now living in exile in Mexico. While the language of his new home is that of his old and there is some similarity of customs, it is difficult for an intellectual to put down roots, far more so than for a peasant or a workshop craftsman. He seeks to recall, therefore, his native Aragon, the hard, the grimly humorous, the backward region that is the butt and, because of its strength, the admiration of

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Spaniards. "A Man's Place" is a novel of Sender's village in the outer Pyrenees, and of one man's place in it. The mood of reflection carries him back beyond his manhood, to the days when like other boys he hunted the cu-cut bird because of its iridescent breast and black and white wings, when he climbed the black, echoing cliffs after eagles' nests. There was a macabre note in some of those pranks. Outside the village was a boneyard in which lay huge skeletons of mules and horses, some covered with shrunken, mummified skin. Sender and his companions hid in the hollow of dried-out ribs until the clumsy vultures settled among the bones, and then they would dash out and capture one of the revolting birds, to fasten about its neck a cowbell. In that region of peaks and chasms the vultures tolled bells as they flew, and the men of neighboring towns, as the vultures wheeled overhead, thought of Sender's village with a sort of comic wonder. The people, as in all mountain communities, were superstitious. Ana Launer, the crackbrained virgin witch of fifty years, could make old and grave men dance a bolero with her at midnight, in bare fields. It was a place of sour, punctilious rivalries and murderous rancors. It was a village, also, where the love of man for man was not unknown, and where the shining sun made men and women bloom with good cheer.

"A Man's Place" is more than a nostalgic return to the place of boyhood, however. The cryptic title of Mr. Hemingway's fine novel of the Spanish struggle reminds us that in this indivisible resistance to fascism, in this indivisible world, what happens to one of us happens to all. Ramón Sender points the argument. One day a man, the lowliest of his fellows, leaves the village, because ill fate and unkindliness have destroyed all the values of community living. Given the way of life, tragic consequences follow. Men are arrested, tortured into false confession, condemned to long years in prison. One worthless political party is shoved out by another equally worthless party, private lives are rearranged; then, silence returns. Monotony once more becomes the rule.

Fifteen years later the man who had fled into voluntary exile among the peaks returns, or rather, he is captured and dragged back. Again, because of this apparently insignificant event, life eddies violently, new patterns are made, vengeances are exacted, in pompous insults, bullet wounds, and blazing pine forests. It is unreasonable, as life is unreasonable; but see, says Sender, in the smallest of communities the movement of the least part disturbs the whole!

The story is not told consecutively, for Sender has this purpose in mind. The reader is taken back and forth over fifteen years of history. It is inevitable that the philosophical purpose should rob the book of some of that harsh vigor which Antonio Machado, in telling the similar story of Alvargonzalez, achieved. Yet it is well told; the simplicity and rigor of the style more than compensate for the formal disarrangement. The character drawing is near to first rate; short acid phrases, sardonic and penetrating, put Don Jacinto and Don Manuel nakedly before one. One knows that the snuff-taking, slovenly priest, worldly wise and caustic, is a saintly man. The harshness and the pity are never separated but pervade every part of the book. The man is not wrenched out of his landscape. There was no evidence that Juan and Vicente had murdered Sabino, the departed man, except a few circumstantial trivialities, and the fact that they were Re-

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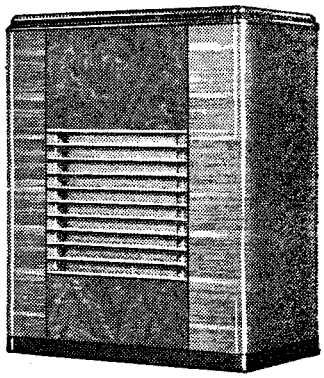

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Consumers Union is a non-profit organization of and for consumers. 85,000 families throughout America are members. Professor Colston E. Warne of Amherst College is President; director is Arthur Kallet, co-author of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs."

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publicans and the winter was on its way, the birds were croaking, and the "autumn winds were moaning in the poplars and suggesting horror to everyone." If there was any other evidence, it lay in the outlook of men whose imaginations were constrained by the old ballads that blind men whined at the village fairs. There was later a ballad of Sabino's death, to prompt men to fresh idiocies. Referring to Sabino's unorthodox interment, one such balladist sang:

> Now out of the hogs' bellies
> Sabino's voice did cry.

And two travelers ran from the Sign of the Monk inn to tell the fiendish Civil Guard—which now governs Spain. This is not a great book, nor yet one of secondary importance, but because Sender is an artist and beyond the local sadness sees the universal sorrow, it is a good book. RALPH BATES

How to Save Latin America

TOTAL DEFENSE. By Clark Foreman and Joan Raushenbush. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.25.

IN THE undeclared war which the totalitarian powers are waging against the United States their underhand offensive in South America offers without doubt the greatest and the least adequately appreciated threat. Among the few organizations in this country which have unceasingly drawn public attention to this threat, the Committee on Economic Defense, of which Mr. Clark is the chairman and Mrs. Raushenbush a member, is one of the most outstanding. Its intensive analysis of this particular sector of "Total Defense"—the expanded version of a shorter pamphlet that aroused widest interest when it first appeared—deserves the close attention of everyone who is concerned for the independence and safety of this country.

Like every military analysis, the study starts with an appreciation of the existing situation. The first part, under the original guise of a fictitious "Memorandum on the Economic Conquest of the Americas" presented by the "Reichsburo for Political Economy" to the Führer, Herr Hitler, exposes with an abundance of color and detail the conditions which make Latin America such a fruitful ground for Nazi activities —its terrific poverty, cheap labor, and largely illiterate populations; its long history of fluctuating dictatorships; its standards of meticulously correct social behavior, to which North Americans have not always paid the necessary attention and respect; its political dissensions; its penetration by German and Italian settlers; its memories of Yankee imperialism; the Nazis' stranglehold on trade obtained by barter methods; the exploitations of economic and social contacts for political purposes; the subtle appeal to national and racial susceptibilities and prejudices; the skilful correlation of all this into a situation in which the Nazi wire-pullers can destroy the Monroe Doctrine from within, without ever being forced to come out into the open and infringe its letter, and thus force the United States into a position where it would either have to step down without a fight or appear to the Latin Americans as the "bloody money-hungry Colossus of the North."

To meet this threat to the economic and political independence of Latin America and thus to the United States, the authors in the second part present a bold and constructive All-American Defense Program. Their suggestions for the long-range defense of democracy can be summarized as the "economic integration of the Western Hemisphere" so as to deny to the Nazis in the future any foothold in South America as a basis for their subversive activities. To that end they suggest a comprehensive series of actions designed, on the one hand, to expand the economic stake of the United States in Latin America, and on the other to assist the Latin American republics in the development of their resources in ways complementary to the economy of the United States. These steps would include a survey of South American mineral resources by United States engineers and geologists; new investments in these resources on a strictly non-exploiting basis; United States loans on revenue-producing projects; the systematic diversion to Latin America of purchases customarily made from areas now under German control; the encouragement in Latin America of such consumption-goods industries as leather gloves, glass, chinaware, finely embroidered knit goods, wines, and woodenware; the encouragement of trade between Latin American states; and the maintenance, above all, of close and friendly economic cooperation with Argentina.

As short-range measures against Nazi penetration the authors suggest the buying up by the United States of all available strategic raw materials and the conclusion of a sales treaty—not the too comprehensive and too rigid hemispheric trade cartel discussed last summer—containing arrangements for the elimination of competition in the sale of certain basic commodities; an inter-American exchange-control system; an all-American surplus-products corporation disposing of unmarketable surpluses by free distribution and thus raising the health and standard of living of the entire New World; and finally the coordination of these and all similar activities in a Hemisphere Industries and Defense Board.

Thus stated the authors' program appears both bold and captivating. It has the merit of combining sweeping constructive ideas with a wealth of concrete practical observations and suggestions. Its original way of presentation is perhaps less of an asset than its authors may have thought. The imitation of the Nazi tone, though carried through with considerable skill, frequently defeats its own objectives by exaggeration. The main criticism one would be inclined to raise against the plan is that it deals too much with future possibilities and too little with immediate exigencies. It is a program of American total defense in the event of a sweeping victory of the totalitarian powers over Britain. It is not a program of action by which the United States might prevent that contingency from arising. HERBERT ROSINSKI

Out of Europe

FROM MANY LANDS. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

WITH emotional fervor and penetrating knowledge, with sweep and fire, tenderness and understanding, Louis Adamic here describes the lives of a number of immigrants and their descendants, of varying racial and geographical backgrounds, in a sociological document that becomes poetry, drama, and unforgettable literature.

Foreign-born himself but a devoted lover of his adopted

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country, he conceived a project to recreate, reinterpret, and preserve basic American values in a series of books, of which this is the first. He traveled thousands of miles to gather his source material, following the trail of the immigrants as they settled in concentrated areas of one predominant national strain, in the North, the Middle and Far West, the Southwest, the South, and New England. Cumulatively the saga of America in the last century is presented, and it is impressive, well-documented contemporary history.

Adamic believes in people rather than principles, or perhaps his sturdy, heartening idealism grows out of his conviction that a nation's greatest resources are its human beings. With the objectivity almost of a dissecting surgeon, yet with a maternal indulgence, he tells his family stories. There is the Jew who wonders what is a Jew; the Croatian woman who prays each day for the President and the Congress of the United States; the Bohemian who lived for his music; the Finns who introduced the log cabin to America and forgot to be proud of their mother-country until a good press made them so. Adamic makes you want to go to Michigan, where they still say the boulders must talk the language of the Finns since they leave the ground only for them.

Fiction could not be more thrilling than these meticulous factual reports. I know of no story I have enjoyed more than that of the friendship of a Philadelphia Quaker for a Greek; together they laid the foundation for the now all-Greek sponge business in a Florida town. The Negro enters the book slightly but significantly, as in the mention of the Negro cooks and deckhands on sponge boats, who have accommodated themselves to their Greek employers by learning to speak their Greek dialects.

The Armenian family with a passion to serve; the Slovenian who stood dazed in the Cleveland depot and was taken by a fellow-countryman to his boarding-house and factory, where he worked for fifty years; the Dutch-born dominie, in the 90 per cent Dutch town in Iowa, who named the streets after Christian virtues, Perseverance, Gratitude, Independence, and Liberty; the Mexican family seen through the eyes of the U. S. American girl who married into it and was happy for the first time. All these are heart-warming. Tragic and disturbing is the story of the tortured "American with a Japanese face."

Through these families one learns of problems common to all immigrants—the split personalities, the divided loyalties, the conflicts of cultural backgrounds, the desire to belong, the bitterness of accepted inferiority, also the deep gratitude for America as a hope, an ideal, an opportunity, a dream of their own making.

Adamic reminds us that the Revolution was partly the result of England's prohibition of free immigration to the colonies, that eighteen of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were of non-English origin, that fifty races and nationalities comprise our American origins, that it may be no accident that the most dynamic regions and cities are those which have within them the greatest national and cultural diversity.

He senses the bigness of America, but he knows its intimate beginnings, its substructure of village people—hard-working, disciplined by necessity, imbued with the cooperative principle, kindly simple folk, essentially indestructible.

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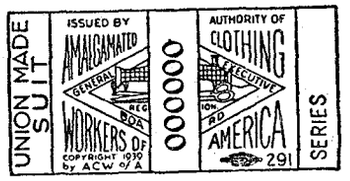

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Warning Voices

. . . *SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.* By Ralph Barton Perry. Vanguard Press. $1.50.

THIS SECOND WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By William S. Schlamm. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

CAESARS IN GOOSE STEP. By William D. Bayles. Harper and Brothers. $3.

AN AMERICAN philosopher, the disciple and biographer of William James, a Central European publicist who has found a refuge in this country, an American journalist who has lived the last eight years in Germany—these three, from different backgrounds, with different emphasis and style, raise their warning voices about the danger threatening America and democracy. All three books are, in different ways, a call to action. All three should be read by those who wish to act intelligently. Professor Perry provides the philosophical basis for such action. In a few extremely lucid and learned pages he sums up the genius of America and the philosophical roots of totalitarianism. Of immediate concern are the two conclusions which he draws—one about the meaning of liberty and the limits of tolerance, the other about the reconciliation of might and right in the defense of democracy. The difficulties of the situation are clearly indicated when Professor Perry says that "to act and to act together are both uncongenial to the temper of democracy, but they are both imperative if the cult of democracy is not to perish from the earth." His short book is a powerful and closely reasoned appeal to all sincere democrats to act speedily and to act together.

Mr. Schlamm writes with vigor and knowledge of the suicide of European democracy in the thirties. He believes that if an incendiary blaze develops to destructive proportions, not the pyromaniac but the fire department should be held responsible. The fire departments in Europe were ineffective, not because they did not have the necessary apparatus, but because they refused to see the fire until it had become so big that their tools were of little avail. The firemen refused to lose their heads—and finally they lost much more than their heads. Mr. Schlamm is an anti-totalitarian by conviction and by experience, and Americans will do well to read and ponder his book very carefully.

Mr. Schlamm has lived in Vienna, in Prague, and in Paris, vantage points for the observation of the machinations of the totalitarians. Mr. Bayles has lived in Munich and in Berlin, where he was able to observe the rulers of Germany close up. His book is composed of biographical sketches of Chancellor Hitler and his nearest collaborators. From his long and attentive sojourn in National Socialist Germany, Mr. Bayles came back to America this spring convinced that though the goal for which the Nazis are "working, hungering, and hoping is simply defined as their place in the sun,

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. . . so extensive is their claim that, if it is realized, the sun will shine on them alone." For the day when the whole world will have to serve National Socialism, the blueprints have been prepared with the immense care of Germans. "While voices from a dead but unburied past maintain that distance is still a barrier, the Führers in Berlin are proving that human genius has made the impossible possible, but that general thinking is still bogged down in the thirty-miles-an-hour age." The future of the world will depend upon whether such books as these can stimulate the thinking of people in the democracies, can make their vision clearer and turn intentions into effective united action. HANS KOHN

The Far Eastern War

THE PROBLEM OF JAPANESE TRADE EXPANSION. By Miriam S. Farley. $1. *JAPANESE INDUSTRY.* By G. C. Allen. $1. *NEW ZEALAND'S INTERESTS AND POLICIES IN THE FAR EAST.* By Ian F. G. Milner. $1. *AUSTRALIA'S INTERESTS AND POLICIES IN THE FAR EAST.* By Jack Shepard. $2. *JAPAN'S EMERGENCE AS A MODERN STATE.* By E. Herbert Norman. $2. *AMERICAN POLICY IN THE FAR EAST: 1931-1940.* By T. A. Bisson. $1.25. *GERMAN INTERESTS AND POLICIES IN THE FAR EAST.* By Kurt Bloch. $1. *BRITISH RELATIONS WITH CHINA: 1913-1939.* By Irving S. Friedman. $2. *THE CHINESE ARMY.* By Major Evans Fordyce Carlson. $1. Institute of Pacific Relations, Inquiry Series.

THIS group of nine brief books constitutes the documentation of a long-range inquiry by the Institute of Pacific Relations into the problems arising from the present undeclared war in the Far East. Taken together they effectively summarize practically all phases of the controversy and its effects on the belligerents and the leading interested powers. The two chief gaps, which perhaps will yet be filled, concern the policies of France and the Soviet Union—both of which are of immense importance at the present moment. Space does not permit a critical evaluation of each of the books. Ordinary readers will probably be most interested in Mr. Bisson's study of American Far Eastern policy and Major Carlson's brief appraisal of the Chinese army. Mr. Bisson finds that the main outlines of American policy have been maintained with unswerving consistency since 1898, but that a point has been reached where "firm and unequivocal action" is necessary to preserve the principles for which this country has stood throughout these years. Such action would presumably consist in terminating the very considerable economic assistance to Japan which, as he demonstrates, this country has kept up in defiance of public opinion. Major Carlson gives a unique picture of the structure and organization of the new Chinese army, including the guerrilla units. Unfortunately, he has little to say about the strategy utilized by the rival armies in the various campaigns. But he expresses great respect for the Chinese soldier and accords China an excellent chance of victory if its friends do their share in keeping open the lines of supply to the outside world. MAXWELL S. STEWART

The threat of the Classless Society

STATE OF THE MASSES

By EMIL LEDERER

Formerly Dean of the Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science, "University in Exile"

The classless society has been established in other countries long enough to make its evaluation complete and valid. The results, to the dismay of doctrinaires, have been almost the diametric opposite of the claims originally made for it. In this book a brilliant social economist explains why.

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IN BRIEF

MY NAME IS ARAM. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Here are fourteen short stories and sketches, many of which have already appeared in magazines, supplemented by a disarmingly personal and Saroyanesque introduction and delightfully decorated by Don Freeman with drawings in the Cruikshank genre. "As to whether or not the writer himself is Aram Garoghlanian, the writer cannot very well say. He will, however, say that he is not, certainly, *not* Aram Garoghlanian."

MEN OF POWER: A BOOK OF DICTATORS. By Albert Carr. The Viking Press. $2.50.

The author of "Juggernaut, the Path of Dictatorship," retells for young people the stories of the rise to power of Richelieu, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon, Bolivar, Bismarck, Mussolini, Stalin, and Hitler. Obviously based on a wide historical knowledge, the stories are briefly and simply told and succeed in answering the question why a knowledge of history is important and what particular moral those who value liberty should draw.

THE SECOND DUMA. A Study of the Social-Democratic Party and the Russian Constitutional Experiment. By Alfred Levin. Yale University Press. $3.

This, the twenty-fifth volume in the Yale Historical Publications, is the first detailed study in English based on contemporary Russian sources. The thesis is that not the failure of the Second Duma but the determination of the government to get rid of it was responsible for its dissolution.

THE STOIC AND EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHERS. The Complete Extant Writings of Epicurus, Epictetus, Lucretius, Marcus Aurelius. Edited, and with an Introduction by Whitney J. Oates. Random House. $3.

This volume would be a treasure at several times the price. It is well printed and bound, it contains a helpful interpretative introduction and adequate notes, and the translators are of the best—Cyril Bailey (Epicurus), H. A. J. Munro (Lucretius), P. E. Matheson, Epictetus), and G. Long (Marcus Aurelius). The last prompts the inclusion of Matthew Arnold's essay on Long's "Marcus Aurelius," which, with James Adams's translation of Cleanthes's Hymn to Zeus, makes a nice pendant to the volume.

UNDERSTANDING PICASSO. A Study of His Styles and Development. By Helen F. Mackenzie. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Those who do not "get" Picasso should examine this portfolio. It is composed of nineteen plates, part of the cuts running from the first tender Paris offerings at the turn of the century to the fierce "stitched" portraits which follow the famous mural inspired by the bombing of Guernica. Side by side with these fifty-five cuts are seventy-nine others which suggest the artist's sources as he forayed throughout all history for his material. Thus in the plate devoted to Crucifixions, one may see what he presumably took from a fourteenth-century Spanish iron-worker and the German Grünewald. Such a method is particularly effective in elucidating the less accessible phases of the painter's work, as in the excellent plate on pasted paper (*collages*). As here employed, however, the method has a limitation aside from the obvious one that an artist can never be "explained." This is that the personal motivations in the painter have been ignored. Is Picasso a mere plastic apparatus or is he a human being? Nevertheless, the museum which sponsored the publication—the Art Institute of Chicago—is to be congratulated for at least trying to bring a fascinating artist closer to the public.

DRAMA

Country House

MOST New Yorkers whose financial status entitles them to the rank of middle class or better have bought and done over at least one house in Connecticut or Vermont, New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Their trials and their tribulations have become a stock subject for humor, and there has gradually been built up a saga in which the carpenters who don't come and the chickens which don't lay reappear as regularly as magic potions and wicked witches in fairy tales or skinflint deacons in the rural melodramas of another page. Now the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart—who usually manage to find subjects at least superficially more novel—have collected all the familiar features and put them together to make a rather desperate little farce which they have chosen to entitle "George Washington Slept Here." The fact that the very title owes its point to one of the most well-worn of all jokes about the country house should warn one that nothing very fresh is to be expected, and a visit to the Lyceum Theater, where the piece is now playing, will bring few surprises. Indeed, before the play is half over the industrious authors have used up all the standard jokes peculiar to the subject in hand and are compelled then to fall back upon a choice collection of gags which have done duty in half the farces of two generations, no matter what they were ostensibly about. Thus, if the discovery that the roof leaks is held in reserve for the curtain of Act I, we find that by Act III we have been reduced to the point of falling back upon the scene where all the characters get gradually drunk together. Even farceurs considerably less adept than the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart could write most of the play in their sleep, and I doubt that the present authors can be very proud of their work, even though the audience does not always fail to laugh at what it has laughed at so often before.

A good many of my readers and several of my colleagues have charged me in the past with granting less recognition than was due to the verve and dash of Mr. Kaufman and various of his collaborators. Perhaps they are right. But I have never meant to deny that pieces like "You Can't Take It with You" or the still current "The Man Who Came to Dinner" were extraordinarily laughable concoctions or that their authors were unrivaled at their own specialty; and the trouble with "George Washington Slept Here" is simply that it lacks so utterly the expertness of the two pieces just mentioned that the hand of the authors is hardly to be recognized in the barely more than routine competence of the construction or the writing. If the truth must be told, the play is frequently put together in so rickety a fashion that it threatens to fall completely to pieces and is so feeble in its gags as to be almost embarrassing. If—the authors being who they are—this sounds improbable, I can only beg permission to submit in evidence a specimen witticism—neither the best nor the worst in the piece but not unfair as example. Life on the supposedly historic estate is described by the proprietress as providing "life, liberty, and the pursuit of Japanese beetles." Plainly, where Washing-

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ton slept even Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart sometimes nod.

Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, and Ruth Weston are pleasant people, and they work hard. So does Dudley Digges, whom it is nearly always a pleasure to see no matter what play he is appearing in. But not all of them together can make the present piece more than passable.

As for the revival of "Charley's Aunt" at the Cort Theater, the principal thing to be said is simply that the old Victorian standby turns out to be at least ten times as funny as most people—including myself—would ever have dreamed that it could be. Its genuine hilarity is partly due to the really extraordinary performance by the little-known young actor José Ferrer, who plays the role of the bogus aunt with a combination of low-comedy inventiveness and sheer physical exuberance which is quite irresistible. For the rest it is due simply to the fact that the director has avoided all foolish impulses to apologize for or to condescend toward a venerable antique and has caused it to be played instead exclusively for the values inherent in a script whose elementary virtues are almost untouched by time.

As one of the more distinguished of my predecessors in the art of dramatic criticism once proclaimed, an impossibility which can be made to seem probable is always to be preferred to an improbable possibility, and upon this principle "Charley's Aunt" is firmly constructed. No one believes for a moment that anything in it could possibly have happened, but as soon as it becomes evident that no effort is being made to convince anybody that it could, we settle down to the free enjoyment of a series of complications whose innocent absurdity is, among other things, a great relief after the contemplation of innumerable unsuccessful efforts to be subtle and witty and sophisticated. It is just possible that this play which no audience of any kind or in any place ever found above its head may now take Broadway by storm.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Next Week in The Nation

A Selected List of Children's Books

BY LENA BARKSDALE

Virginia Woolf's Biography of Roger Fry

Reviewed by MORTON D. ZABEL

RECORDS

THE best of the Brazilian music presented by the Museum of Modern Art in connection with its Portinari exhibition was the popular and folk music, some of it delightfully sung by Elsie Houston. The concerts also offered a large number of works by Brazil's leading serious composer, Heitor Villa-Lobos, including a group of piano works superbly played by Artur Rubinstein; and these revealed an expansiveness in emotion and expression unchecked by any capacity for discipline and concentration that would give both emotion and expression the distinction they do not at present possess.

Schubert's String Quartet "Death and the Maiden" and the playing of the Budapest Quartet—as miraculous as always in its musically sensitive integration of the four luminous strands of tone—provided a brilliant send-off for the New Friends of Music. The contemporary composers of this first program were Charles Ives and Arnold Schönberg. Ives was represented by six songs, of which I can say only that I was glad to have a chance to hear them but heard neither sound nor sense that aroused in me the slightest desire to hear them again. Mordecai Bauman and Milton Kaye did an impressive job with the vocal and instrumental difficulties. Of Schönberg there was the early String Sextet "Verklärte Nacht," which does not represent him as a contemporary; and the same point can be made of some other works that are to be heard in the series.

Victor has issued the second of the three sets in which it has recorded Bach's Little Organ Book in its entirety—this one (Set 697, $4) with Nos. 29, 33-45, 1-4. As recorded, the sound of the organ is again brilliant but many of the performances by E. Power Biggs are again jumbles in which none of the notes are distinguished from any of the others, as certainly the notes of the chorales should be from those of the figuration.

The Lily Pons album (Set 702, $4.25) offers Blondine's aria from Mozart's "Seraglio" and Paradies's "Quel ruscelletto" (2110), Bishop's "Pretty Mocking Bird" and Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" (17231), the Polonaise from Thomas's "Mignon" and Hymn to the Sun from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'or" (17232), and the duets "Il nome vostro ditemi" from Verdi's "Rigoletto" and "Dunque io son" from Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia," sung with De Luca (17233). Pons's voice is lovely, agile, accurate; and she sings all the music with good taste, except the Hymn to the Sun for which she contrives an exhibitionistic ending of her own. De Luca's style makes his threadbare voice worth listening to.

Mozart's Bassoon Concerto K. 191, excellently recorded by Oubradous with an orchestra under Bigot (Set 704, $2.50), is one of the least significant of the hack jobs that he turned out. On a single disc (17229, $2) is superb playing by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky, wasted on Harl McDonald's two Evening Pictures, "The Mission" and "Fiesta." And on a Black Label single (36339, $.75) is the definitive performance of Tchaikovsky's Andante Cantabile from the Quarter Op. 11, recorded by the Budapest Quartet of a few years ago.

You and I—to say nothing of Beethoven himself—may be aware of the emotional urgency and shattering impact of the development section of the "Eroica" or the Ninth Symphony; but to Charles O'Connell of Victor the section is "an intellectual exercise" in "purely technical development and labyrinthine elaborations" and is best omitted, leaving what he calls the sensuous and emotional melodic substance which is, he thinks, more important than the form into which it is elaborated. And like John Erskine's notions about the eighteenth- or twentieth-century musician Mr. O'Connell's notions about musical form and the processes of its creation are important because of the position he holds, which enables him to issue "The Heart of the Symphony" (Set G-15, $3.50), with such monstrosities as a first movement of Schubert's Unfinished consisting of exposition and coda, a last movement of Brahms's First beginning with the horn theme of the introduction and stopping at the end of the exposition, a first movement of Beethoven's Fifth with exposition and development (Mr. O'Connell is not even consistent) but without the recapitulation and tremendous coda. Mr. O'Connell discounts the objections of the "purists" and "scholastic music critics"; but he could not discount what Beethoven and Brahms would say and do about all this.

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Letters to the Editors

The Socialists Are Back on the Map

Dear Sirs: Three Socialists sat outside the convention hall in Washington last April buttonholing delegates on their way into the hall to make nominations for the Presidential campaign. One wanted a candidate who would support the foreign policy of "all aid short of war" to the Allies. The second was for Norman Thomas, but wanted him to withdraw from the race if President Roosevelt was renominated. The third was against any national campaign by the Socialists. With considerable misgivings these three representatives of minority groups within the party watched the convention nominate Norman Thomas and young Maynard Krueger for President and Vice-President, and lay plans for another national campaign.

Today these three wear their Thomas buttons with the ardor of converts. They had expected, as had countless liberals, that the Republican candidate would lead an opposition to the President's interventionist policy. But when the Willkie campaign blew up as soon as the utility man took the microphone at Elwood, they realized that the only opposition on any national scale to the President's incorrigible interventionism must be provided by Norman Thomas and the Socialists.

The first task before Socialist workers was to get Thomas's name on the ballots, a more difficult job than ever before in the forty years of the party's history. Socialists had been trampled in the stampede of liberals and labor to the New Deal's standards in 1936. In that year, too, Lemke's Union Party took away a large slice of the normal Socialist protest vote. As a result, four years ago a record low of around 200,000 votes was hit by the Socialists, and in many places all organizational machinery was wiped off the political map. It took a court order to get the Socialists back on the ballot in Massachusetts. In Ohio they filed 31,000 petition signatures, but more than 14,000 were invalidated by the action of local election boards. In Illinois the Communists gave evidence of their sincerity in regard to "free elections" by protesting the Socialist signatures and then failing to show up when the hearing they had demanded was called. In Iowa the Socialists were ruled off on technicalities, and in several states in the South the situation was so hopeless that the party made no attempt to fulfil the requirements. In California, however, Thomas and Krueger were put on the ballot by the Progressive Party at a tumultuous state convention. All told, 35,000,000 persons in twenty-nine states may, if they choose, vote for Socialist candidates in this election.

To the secret distress of many old-timers, Socialist speakers have worked out a new technique in this campaign. It was originated by Maynard Krueger in his keynote speech at the convention. Instead of trying to make new converts from scratch with the usual indictments of the capitalist system and description of the Socialist alternative, party campaigners are going after those who are already convinced that we are on our way to some sort of socialism. It is estimated that there are between three and five million men and women in America who accept the basic tenets of socialism. The job is to get them to vote the way they believe and to keep them from being rushed into a last-minute push to beat Willkie.

This thirty-five-year-old Maynard Krueger, a professor at the University of Chicago and a former official in the American Federation of Teachers, has been, for me at any rate, the surprise of the campaign. Ordinarily Socialists nominate for Vice-President a labor man or a farmer who sits back to watch Thomas take what limelight there is. Not Krueger. His keynote speech, unorthodox though it may have been in the eyes of the Marxists, carried such a punch that it was taken over practically intact as the party's 1940 platform. And then he went out and campaigned, ranging territories where few Socialist voices have ever been raised, talking frankly of the need for "the threat from the left," and spicing his talk with a gusty humor all too rare in radical utterances. Invited to speak last summer before iron-ore workers on the Manitoba range, he expounded the full Socialist program. At the end of his talk a Republican orator complained to the chairman, "I thought you said this wasn't going to be a political rally." "It isn't," said the chairman. "What about this feller Krueger?" persisted the Republican. "He wasn't talking politics, Buddy," was the reply, "he was talking sense."

Thomas has talked his way once clear to the Pacific Coast, where the Socialists expect a large vote, and again as far West as Denver. Since there has not been enough money—the Socialists still hold the record of spending less per vote than any other political party—to provide him with the usual publicity and aid, he has often had to set up his own meetings, act as chairman, distribute literature, and pass the hat, in addition to being the sole speaker. Now as the campaign closes he is sticking to the industrial sections of the big Middle Western and Eastern cities, pounding away against peace-time conscription and for what he calls an "adequate defense program"—to be devised by military experts for the sole defense of the United States—and asking what has become of the New Deal. The crowds that have come to hear him have been larger and more responsive than any of the gatherings in the good Socialist year of 1932.

Whatever the outcome, the Socialists will have put themselves back on the political map.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

Radburn, N. J., October 24

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD says—

"The defeat of Mr. Roosevelt seems to me all important for the safety of the Republic."

These excerpts from his letter to the N. Y. Times gives his reasons why.

He Explains Why He Decided to Vote for the Republican Candidate

Never in my long experience as a journalist has there been an election in which men of high and patriotic purpose and similar aims have differed so radically and for so many different reasons. Liberals, progressives and independents are split as never before, and some are displaying a passion and intolerance in their decisions highly symptomatic of the gravity of the situation confronting this country and the nerve strain under which we all live. I have spent many hours in trying to reach a decision. Years ago I vowed never to vote again for either of the old parties. I have often cheerfully faced the charge that I was "throwing away my vote" by supporting a minority candidate, rather than to make a choice of two evils.

Though never a party member, I voted for Norman Thomas in the last two elections and I believe that today his is the most constructive program of any of the candidates. I have never so far voted for a Republican Presidential candidate, yet today I am compelled by my interpretation of the national emergency to support Wendell Willkie. The defeat of Mr. Roosevelt seems to me all-important for the safety of the Republic.

Criticisms Stand

In taking this position I do not withdraw one word of the criticisms I have published of Mr. Willkie's policies as a corporation manager. Much in his speeches leaves me cold; much shows his enslavement to outworn Republican (and Democratic) dogma. He alters his previous positions precisely as the President has done a thousand times. His discussions of foreign affairs make me wonder if he, any better than Mr. Roosevelt, understands the real character and significance of the tremendous convulsion abroad . . . . . .

I agree that there is a great similarity between the foreign policies of both candidates, and that Mr. Willkie, in committing himself in principle to the President's preparedness program, has endorsed an armament policy far beyond the country's needs, which, if it continues uncontrolled and undiminished, will unquestionably take us far along the road to authoritarian government of which conscription is already the handy cornerstone.

None the less, when I review the measures which Mr. Roosevelt has taken to put us into the war, the secrecy of so many of his diplomatic, military and naval moves, his growing assumption of power to make alliances that tie us to one side in the struggle despite the mass of the American people's desire to keep out of it and remain neutral, then I know that war is at hand if the President remains in the White House. That is the awful question that confronts us—the awful choice of peace or war, more terrible than ever before because in the judgment of so many of us entering the war will mean the death of our own democracy.

Chance to Avoid War

I agree with General Hugh Johnson that it would not only immediately "adjourn our free democracy for a war dictatorship," but would "permanently adjourn our free economic system" by so burdening us with additional debt and taxes that the Government will remain totalitarian when the struggle is over. I believe that if Mr. Willkie is elected there will be at least a good fighting chance to stay out of it and that he will see and must see in his victory a mandate from the American people to preserve our democracy by keeping us in peace.

But if I am wrong about this, if the same forces which are aiding Mr. Roosevelt to go to war should push Mr. Willkie along the same route, from what I know of the two men I should prefer to have Mr. Willkie head the Government in wartime than the President. Even from the point of view of military preparedness Franklin Roosevelt stands as a symbol of waste, inefficiency and extravagance. He has never thought his way through the organization of the War and Navy Departments, or taken the first vital step to modernize them. . . . . .

A man temperamentally less fitted to exercise cool, calm and deliberate judgment in wartime based upon a sound understanding of basic politics and free from politics would not be so easy to find. The sensationalism and half-truths which marked his demands upon Congress for those huge military appropriations, when only a short time before he was willing and eager to send Congress home for the rest of the year, illustrate the point clearly enough. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Willkie with his background could possibly be half as inefficient as Franklin Roosevelt in preparing the country for war, and he might be very efficient.

Praise for the President

I do not forget for one moment the high praise I have given to Mr. Roosevelt for what he has done for American labor, for social security and social justice. For these things men will yet build him monuments; for them he will be remembered time without end. So his Good-Neighbor policy, and numerous other achievements, will redound to his great and permanent credit. But all of these great advances would be jeopardized the minute this country entered the war. . . . . .

It is idle for any man to say, as Mr. Roosevelt has, that his achievements on behalf of labor will stand in wartime. No man can foretell what will happen when a war begins, or where it will end, or what the price the laboring men will pay during its conduct. Look at England for confirmation.

But if there were no question of war and peace before us, I should still feel that the safety of this country demands the retirement of Mr. Roosevelt to private life. He is a symbol of defeat and despair to millions of Americans today, a symbol of appalling administrative inefficiency, of good laws so badly drawn as hardly to be workable, of unsound financial and economic measures, and of a staggering increase of the public debt which sooner or later will lower the standard of living for the very workers for whom Mr. Roosevelt has done so much.

Adjustment Held Needed

If it is true, as stated in the press, that a public debt of between fifty and sixty billions is in sight, then we have a margin, according to a statement attributed to Mr. Roosevelt, of only thirty-five billions with which to carry on the United States and to wage war if we are betrayed into it. He stands for millions still unemployed, for the 30 per cent of our population who live on the rim of starvation, and he offers no economic remedies to give them the minimum of comfort and safety.

And this is vital, for it is within our boundaries that there is the true need for defense and preparedness. No amount of armament will save this country if our democracy does not work, if it does not go forward, if it does not adjust itself to a world changing so rapidly few can keep abreast of it. I see no hope for this in any prospect that Mr. Roosevelt now holds out to us, only growing unhappiness, disunity, intolerance and a pouring of all this country's resources into armed might in the happy belief that we can be as militarized as Hitler's Germany and escape all the evils of militarism.

But, I am asked, assuming that Mr. Willkie keeps us out of war, are you, a veteran in the fight for liberal progress, ready to accept the social, economic and political reaction his election will bring with it? I am not sure whether today there can be that reaction, but if it came it would be a small price to pay for peace and efficient, clean-cut administration. The consequences of such a reaction could and would be short-lived. The evil results of another plunge into a world war will leave indelible effects upon our structure of government for all time—even if we return to republican forms.

Three Terms "Treason"

Moreover, we know that a Democratic Senate will control for some years any tendency Mr. Willkie may display to take us back to the days of Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover . . . . . .

There remains the third term. You yourself have most admirably and conclusively stated the reasons against it. To me it was and is treason to break the two-term tradition; nothing less, and never more so than in this age of dictators. When one who has tried a lifetime to serve his country in the press sees the danger that this may possibly succeed there is one pen that cannot remain silent, that must advocate the course that will alone make possible its defeat. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Thomaston, Conn., Oct. 23, 1940.

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